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CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH MR. BARRINGTON LOSES HIS TEMPER.



LOVE, which set
Trojans and
Greeks by the
ears of old, in-
volving pious
Æneas and
many-counselled
Ulysses in a peck
of troubles—
which led Roman
Antony to his
death — which
was nearly be-
coming the ruin
of David, King
of Israel—and
which, in all

ages, has been the cause of many a wise man's doing many a foolish thing—love it was that had led Saint-Luc—a person noted for his tact and good sense—into the stupid blunder of thrusting himself into the company of four people who were perfectly happy together without him.

The very thought, indeed, which in his normal state of mind would have kept him from tacking himself on to the party—namely, a strong

suspicion that he was not wanted—had now exercised a directly opposite influence upon him. A perpetual vision of Jeanne and Mr. Barrington wandering together in wild Kabylean solitudes had so beset him by day and driven sleep from his pillow by night, ever since he had found himself alone in Algiers, that at last he could bear it no longer, and, feeling that reality could have no pangs in store for him more bitter than those of imagination, he packed what clothes he required into a small valise, strapped it on to the front of his saddle, and galloped off on the track of the wanderers. And so, having done the distance in a much shorter time than a prudent man would have allowed, he reached Fort Napoléon at length, and earned a chill welcome for himself and a pair of puffy forelegs for his horse.

M. de Fontvieille, who happened to be standing at the door of the little inn, enjoying the evening air, pulled a wry face when he recognised the impetuous horseman who drew rein beside him.

"What—is it you, M. le Vicomte?" he cried, in anything but a joyous tone.

Saint-Luc did not seem to notice any want of cordiality in his reception. He swung himself out of the saddle, and held out his hand, exclaiming—

"What good fortune that I find you still here!"

"How, good fortune? I don't understand you," returned the old gentleman rather testily. "Of course we are here. Where else should we be?"

"I feared you might have altered your route and gone to Dellys, or somewhere else," answered Saint-Luc, rather abashed. "I thought," he continued apologetically, "that as I was unable to start with you, I might venture to follow as soon as I found myself free; so I set out from Algiers yesterday morning—and here I am."

"So I perceive," grunted M. de Fontvieille, not at all mollified; "and charmed as I am to see you, monsieur, I can only regret that you should have put yourself to so much inconvenience, for I fear you will have had your ride for your pains. We start on our return journey early to-morrow morning, Heaven be praised! I confess that years have deprived me of all taste for rough travelling."

"To-morrow morning!" echoed Saint-Luc, rather blankly. "H'm!—nothing can be more certain than that my horse will not be in a state to leave the stable for another four-and-twenty hours at least. But I can easily get him sent back from here in a day or two," he added, brightening. "Perhaps you would kindly allow me to take a seat in your carriage. Or would that incommode you too much?"

Poor M. de Fontvieille was not in the best of tempers. As he had said, he was no longer of an age to enjoy roughing it, and any pleasure he might have derived from the contemplation of fine scenery had been completely neutralised of late by the discovery of the growing intimacy between Jeanne and the Englishman. Moreover, he had been kept waiting more than half an hour for his dinner, and the inopportune appear-

ance of Saint-Luc was, at this especial moment, almost too much for him. "The carriage does not belong to me," he replied crossly; "but I dare say that Léon will have no objection to your taking a place in it; it is made to hold six people at a pinch, I believe. For myself, I have hitherto sat on the box, and I intend to do so for the remainder of the trip. I do not like the box-seat; it is exposed to the sun and the dust, and I am compelled to lean back upon an iron rail which eats into my spine; but I prefer that to making one of three inside. It is you who will occupy that enviable position to-morrow, monsieur."

This was not very pleasant. Saint-Luc began to wish that he had remained in Algiers. But while he was doubting what reply to make, a friendly slap on his shoulder made him turn round with a start, and he found himself face to face with Léon.

"So you have come at last!" cried that innocent young man. "We had quite given up all hope of you. Why did you not start sooner?"

"I could not get away," the poor Vicomte answered ruefully; "and now I am not sure whether I shall do well to return with you. M. de Fontvieille has just been telling me that I shall be *de trop* in the carriage; and I cannot take my horse out to-morrow."

"*De trop*?—nonsense—how can you be *de trop*?" M. de Fontvieille was joking," said Léon rather confusedly; for he understood what the old gentleman had meant, and wondered how he could have been so foolish as to stir up unnecessary jealousies. He (Léon) would never have committed such a *gaucherie*. By way of repairing the mischief, and making things comfortable, he went on to say that, so far from making an unwelcome addition to the party, Saint-Luc's arrival would be an immense comfort to them all—"especially to Jeanne, who must be getting tired of Mr. Barrington by this time, charming as he is. I have had business in one place and another which has forced me to perform nearly the whole journey in solitude, and so, of course, the duty of entertaining the stranger has fallen upon Jeanne, though in reality he is rather my friend than hers. It will be a pleasant change for her to have some one else to talk to during the long drive home."

"You think so?" said Saint-Luc with a faint smile. "But that, after all, is hardly the question. M. de Fontvieille only pointed out to me that three is an awkward number—and I quite agree with him."

"Pierre might ride my horse, and then we could all go in the carriage together," suggested the accommodating Léon. And then Barrington and Jeanne came in sight, strolling up the street in the twilight as leisurely as if three hungry men were not waiting dinner for them.

Barrington, distinguishing the little silent group at the inn-door, guessed at once that they had been talking about him. M. de Fontvieille fidgeted in his cane chair, and glanced sharply from him to Jeanne and from Jeanne back to him again. Léon looked embarrassed, and Saint-Luc, leaning against the door-post with folded arms and eyes gloomily riveted upon the ground, remained immovable as a statue. And now,

for the first time, Barrington realised with a transient jealous twinge what a singularly handsome man his rival was. An oval face, an olive complexion, a heavy black moustache, a small head well set on to a pair of broad shoulders, a tall, lithe, muscular frame—what more could anyone desire in the shape of manly beauty? Saint-Luc wore a sun-helmet, tightly fitting cords, and high riding-boots, and, flung back from his shoulders, was the short *caban* or white, hooded cloak which is worn by officers in Algeria when on up-country duty, and is also in much favour among such civilians as have an eye for effect. It is of no earthly use, but it is unquestionably a picturesque and becoming garment. Barrington was neither tall nor specially good-looking. He wore, on the present occasion, a tweed suit, not in its first freshness, a wide-awake hat, and a puggaree soiled with a week's dust. "Why didn't I get one of those confounded sun-helmets?" he thought; and then inwardly laughed a little at his own vanity. Was Jeanne the woman to draw comparisons between sun-helmets and wide-awakes?

A few minutes later the whole party were seated at a round table in the low-roofed *salle-à-manger*, discussing what by courtesy was called their dinner by the light of an evil-smelling paraffin lamp. They had not noticed the offensiveness of the oil before, but they all remarked upon it now; they discovered, too, that the food was bad, and the wine execrable, and the table-cloth dirty. Conversation flagged somewhat, nor did anyone venture upon a foolish little joke, such as had been wont of late to crop up about this hour. Jeanne was cold, stately, and reserved—the Jeanne of the Campagne de Mersac in her least expansive moments—a very different person from the girl who had driven with Barrington over the Col Ben-Aïcha and the lowlands of the Issers. And so one, at least, of the company was there and then summarily ejected from Fairyland, and falling roughly upon hard, practical earth, lost his temper a little in the process. That is the worst of aerial castle-building: one touch from a clumsy, unconscious, not malevolent hand, and away goes the whole flimsy fabric, leaving no trace behind it. The poor stupid paw that has swept it into space has only forestalled time a little, and ought not, perhaps, to be blamed, but it can hardly expect to escape some momentary hatred. Barrington, for whom all rough places had been carefully made smooth from his childhood up, resented a stroke of bad luck like a personal affront, and was always angry with anyone who hurt him, whether intentionally or not. He was very angry now with Saint-Luc, which was perhaps pardonable; he was angry also with Léon and M. de Fontvieille, which was hardly fair; and lastly, he was angry with Jeanne for not devoting her whole attention to him, which was most unjust. At his time of life he ought to have known better than to show his annoyance; but he did not. He sulked openly, returned curt answers when he was addressed, contradicted Saint-Luc half-a-dozen times in an entirely uncalled for manner, and generally did his best to render an uncomfortable situation worse than it need have been.

Everybody was thankful when the dreary meal was at an end ; and the old commandant of the place happening to drop in at that moment, and challenging M. de Fontvieille to a game of dominoes, Jeanne gladly seized the opportunity to propose to the others that they should go outside into the cool evening air. "It is impossible to breathe in this atmosphere," she said ; "I am stifling."

So they all passed from the glare and heat of the room, through the doorway, where the landlord and a few of his friends were chatting over their cigarettes, and out into the solemn starlight ; Jeanne first, then Saint-Luc, then Léon, Barrington bringing up the rear.

The latter was still at loggerheads with the world. He wanted to walk with Jeanne, but he did not choose to make the first advance, and loitered behind, thinking that she would perhaps make some sign to him to join her. As a matter of course she did no such thing. She gave him his chance by standing for a minute before the inn to wrap the light burnous which she had brought out with her about her shoulders ; but as he did not take advantage of it, she marched away up the street at a steady pace without casting a glance behind her, and Saint-Luc strode by her side. Barrington made no effort to follow them. He lighted a cigar with much deliberation, stuck his hands into his pockets, and strolled across the road to a bench, upon which he seated himself. Léon, after a moment of hesitation, followed his example, remarking blandly as he did so : "It is a charming night for a walk."

"So your sister and M. de Saint-Luc appear to think. I can't understand how people can enjoy posting off at the rate of five miles an hour directly they have swallowed their dinner," remarked Barrington.

"Why, you have walked after dinner every night yourself till this evening," cried Leon innocently.

Barrington made no reply. He was gazing after two figures which were rapidly diminishing into the gloom. They vanished for a second under the deep shadow of some acacia trees ; then they emerged, and he caught a glimpse of the shimmer of Jeanne's burnous and Saint Luc's short white cloak fluttering in the night breeze ; then the intervening angle of a house shut them out again, and they were gone.

Barrington sighed, and puffed silently at his cigar. After all, he was only playing at being jealous ; he was not really afraid of the handsome Vicomte ; he was only chagrined that his happy dream should have been so rudely dispelled ; and, moreover, if he had analysed his feelings, he would have found that no small part of his annoyance was due to the first stirring in his mind of that disquieting question which must, sooner or later, arise out of all love-making—how is it to end ? He had dodged out of the way of this pertinacious little note of interrogation ; he had tried to stifle it, and pretended to ignore it, but, spite of all he could do, there it was ; and now what could be expected but that it should grow larger and larger and daily more obtrusive till it got a plain answer out of its victim ? As yet, however, Barrington had not begun to disturb

himself with reference to the future, and was conscious only of a vague uneasiness, together with a strong present desire to arise up and follow Jeanne and Saint-Luc into the darkness. But as such a proceeding would involve loss of dignity, he decided to resist his inclinations and remain where he was. "She will come back presently," he thought, "and then I can apologise for having been surly at dinner. I believe I did make myself rather unpleasant, now I come to think of it."

Ten minutes passed slowly away, while Léon discoursed about the conquest of Kabylia and wasted some interesting anecdotes upon a pre-occupied hearer; but Jeanne did not return. There was a stir and a scraping of chairs in the inn over the way; M. le Commandant, wrapped in his military cloak, stepped out into the street and strode away with ringing spurs; a light appeared in M. de Fontvieille's bed-room, and ere long was extinguished. That unworthy chaperon had gone to bed, leaving his charge to roam about with young men under the stars; the church-clock struck the half-hour, and Barrington began to fidget. Léon had got out of the regions of history now, and was discussing the respective merits of military and civil government in Algeria—"Cercles militaires"—"*Bureaux Arabes*"—"two hundred thousand Europeans against two millions and a half of *indigènes*"—"the necessity of keeping an active force always before the eyes of half-civilised races." Disjointed fragments of Léon's harangue fell meaningless upon Barrington's inattentive ears, and he threw in a "Yes" or a "No," or an "Exactly so," as occasion appeared to require.

"Your sister is taking a very long walk," he said at length, anxiety getting the better of self-respect.

"Not longer than usual, is she? it is so warm and fine to-night. Well, you see these vile Republicans—a set of beggarly ruffians whose only policy is to uproot every existing institution, in order that they may have a chance of picking up something when there is a scramble for fresh places—are agitating for a civil government. They complain of this and that, and point to abuses here and there; and abuses there are, sure enough, but what would you have? Are civilians likely to be honest men than soldiers? For my part, I believe that officials of all classes will invariably fill their pockets out of the public exchequer whenever they see an opportunity of doing so without being found in the act. No, no; what we want is security—security for our lives, security for our property."

"Quite right, I'm sure. Security, as you say, is the essential thing, and without security, you know—why, where are you, you know? Your sister and M. de Saint-Luc have been away exactly three-quarters of an hour. Is it possible that they can have lost their way?"

"Quite impossible. The gates of the town are shut, and they cannot be very far away from us at this moment. What I maintain is that the Arab will never understand nor fear a ruler in a black coat. The Governor-General ought always to be a man who is ready to enforce obedience at the head of an army, if need be, and those who imagine that there will

be no more fighting in Algeria are very much mistaken. This idea of a Civil Governor is only the first step in a policy which must end in disaster. The same men who clamour for a reformed system of rule, declare that we have many more regiments in the country than are necessary for our protection. If they carry out their programme, the Algerian forces will be gradually reduced till, some fine morning, we shall wake to find that the Arabs have risen and the whole colony is in a blaze. We poor farmers shall lose our property; hundreds of unfortunate Europeans will be massacred, and—oh, here is Jeanne."

"When is the massacre to take place, Léon?" asked that young lady, appearing suddenly out of the gloom, followed by M. de Saint-Luc. "More people die of fever than of massacre in this country, Mr. Barrington, and the very best way to catch a fever is to sit out at night when the dews are falling. For Léon it does not matter, he is acclimatised; but he ought to have made you walk about."

"I meant to have walked, but I was waiting for you. I could not tell that you would be such a very long time away," said Barrington, in a slightly aggrieved tone.

"I am sorry that you should have been kept waiting," she answered, rather coldly; "and now it is too late to think of anything but bed. I am so tired that I think I will bid you all good-night at once."

She turned as she spoke, and, crossing the road, vanished into the inn, and Barrington, being out of temper with the world generally and M. de Saint-Luc particularly, threw away the end of his cigar and announced that he was going to bed too.

"We will all go to bed; we shall have to start early to-morrow morning," said Léon; but Saint-Luc laid his hand upon the young man's arm, saying, "Wait for another quarter of an hour; I want to have a chat with you"—so Barrington entered the house alone.

Saint-Luc linked his arm within that of his young friend, led him back to the bench which the Englishman had just vacated, and, throwing himself down upon it, sighed out: "Well, it is all over! She will have nothing to say to me."

Léon could not pretend to misunderstand his meaning. He was sincerely sorry to hear such bad news, for he liked Saint-Luc, and would gladly have welcomed him as a brother-in-law, and, moreover, the Duchess and M. de Fontvieille had taken a great deal of trouble lately to convince him of the desirability of his sister's speedy marriage. At the same time experience had taught him that Jeanne always knew her own mind, and that when she said no, she meant no; and this knowledge made it difficult for him to find any consolatory reply for the benefit of the luckless wooer. At length, however, he asked—"Are you quite sure of that?" which was perhaps the best thing he could have said under the circumstances.

"It is not her fault if I am not," returned Saint-Luc, with a dreary laugh. "She told me she could no more marry me than M. de Fontvieille."

"That," said Léon, feeling very uncomfortable, and wishing most

heartily that his friend could have chosen some other confidant—"that is, of course, only a way of speaking. Jeanne often expresses herself strongly; but she does not always mean quite all that she says, and I am sure that she did not intend to be unkind or rude to you."

"She was neither the one nor the other; on the contrary, she was most kind. I think she has not quite understood me till now. She thought I was seeking a *mariage de convenance*, whereas—but it does not much signify. No one could have been more gentle and compassionate than she was, but that does not alter the fact that she has broken my heart. Do not laugh, Léon. A year ago I no more believed in broken hearts than you do; but when a man suffers such pain as I suffer, he must cease to be a sceptic, whether he will or no. I know what you would say—'*On ne meurt pas de cette maladie-là*'—but that is just what makes it a more infernal torture than any physical one. *Tenez!* if it were not that I dread causing annoyance to others, I would put a pistol to my head this very night. Bon Dieu! what is this wretched thing called life that a man should care to keep it in his body? What has my life been? The life of a dog—what do I say?—of a lap-dog—a useless, dull, over-fed brute. Looking back upon past years, I cannot recall a single day or a single hour that I would choose to live over again: it is all idleness, and satiety, and disgust. I don't know how far I have been to blame; there must be some atom of good in me, or I should not so abhor myself; but I suppose—it has not had force to struggle against the bad side of my nature. Before I met your sister I looked forward to dawdling through the rest of my life in a resigned, discontented sort of way. I knew I should never be of the smallest good to myself or anybody else in the world, and I did not much care; but then I saw her, and fell in love with her (God knows why or wherefore—we wretched humans have no control over our fate), and that changed everything. I thought I might possibly become—I won't say worthy of her—but as worthy as a man with my past could be. I had dreams and projects, all of which have been blown into space by one word, so that I need not trouble you with them. Ah, why did I ever see her? Why was I not left in my brutish indifference, if I was to spend all the rest of my life in hopelessness and solitude? If I believed in the Christian religion—which I do not, unfortunately; the world that I have lived in has honestly rejected that faith, finding it impossible to make it fit in with its own system of morality—I say, if I were a Christian, I would turn Trappist. It is a kind of suicide which the Church, knowing that some loophole out of the world must be left open for desperate men, permits, and is even kind enough to reward with a palm and a crown, instead of with hell-fire. But that door is closed to me. I have no faith in the palm or the crown, and should not know what to do with them when I had got them. There remains the pistol. I shall not use it just yet, for reasons that you may surmise; but before many months are over, I hope to rid society of one of its most useless members."

So poor Saint-Luc raved on, pacing to and fro in the dust and throwing his arms about as Frenchmen will do when they are in despair, or fancy themselves so. We English are a less demonstrative race; still one has heard a deal of nonsense talked by one's own compatriots under similar circumstances. The difficulty is to know what to say by way of comfort to a man who has just been refused. To tell him that he will get over it in time may be true, but savours of brutality, while encouragement to make another attempt may only lead him on to a second repulse. Practically, however, I believe that everybody does adopt the latter alternative. Léon, at all events, did so upon the present occasion.

"I think you would be wrong to take Jeanne's decision as final," he said, as soon as he could get a hearing. "You have been a little abrupt with her, and then, too, it seems to me that you have not chosen a very appropriate occasion."

"Do you seriously mean to tell me," broke in Saint-Luc, "that it would have made the slightest difference if I had spoken last week, or had put off doing so till next? Bah! I found myself alone with her—a thing which does not happen to me every day, let me remind you—I was tired of suspense, and I said to myself that I would know the worst—*Voilà!*"

"That is just it. You made up your mind that you would know the worst, and you let her see that you expected the worst, and therefore you failed. All women are the same; throw yourself at their feet, and they will trample upon you; face them boldly, and they will yield," said Léon, whose youthful assumption of knowledge of a subject which the wisest of men have failed to fathom will perhaps be pardoned by those who remember that he was really sorry for his friend, and was doing what in him lay to console the afflicted one. "I grant you that Jeanne is not like other girls," continued this successful student of character; "her education and position are different from those of other girls—else you could hardly have spoken to her as you have done this evening—but for all that, she is a woman, and women require humouring. The fact is that you have addressed yourself to her at the wrong moment."

"The wrong moment!" interrupted Saint-Luc—"why the wrong moment? Because that Englishman is here? Is there ever a moment when he is not with her? My good Léon, I am as much in love as it is possible to be, but I am not therefore blind. It is sufficiently evident to me that your sister will marry the Englishman, against whom I have nothing to say. If he be not more worthy of her than I, he must be a far worse man than I take him for. Whether he loves her as devotedly as I do, is another question."

"Jeanne marry Mr. Barrington? Absurd!" cried Léon. "Neither M. de Fontvieille, nor the Duchess, nor I, would ever consent to her becoming the wife of a foreigner and a Protestant."

"But I thought she was free to marry whom she pleased?"

"Well, yes, so she is, in a certain sense; but of course she would

never think of disregarding the wishes of—all her friends. Besides, she would never have been so friendly with Mr. Barrington if she had had an idea of such an end to this intimacy. No, no, my friend; believe me, there is nothing of that kind. Try again in a month's time; be less diffident, and you will very likely be successful. I think Jeanne knows that all our sympathies are with you."

"Will you speak to her on the subject?" asked Saint-Luc, who was only too willing to be persuaded into hope, against his own judgment.

"Why, no," answered Léon, hesitatingly; "I don't think I could quite do that; she would not like it. You see, she is a little older than I am, and she has always been accustomed to take the lead, and she is not precisely one of those people whom one can interfere with easily, and—in point of fact, I really doubt whether my speaking would not do more harm than good. If I am to be quite candid with you, I must confess that neither I nor anybody else has much authority over Jeanne; but she is so good and so self-sacrificing that she would do a great deal to please any one of us, and——"

"I don't wish her to sacrifice herself," interrupted Saint-Luc.

"I express myself badly. What I meant to say was that our wishes would have a good deal of weight with her. As I told you just now, I believe she knows what our wishes are, and we will try to make them more apparent. I don't see that we can do anything more for you."

"I suppose not," sighed Saint-Luc. "I will try again then; it is a forlorn hope, but it is better than nothing. Thank you for your sympathy. Now you are dying to get to sleep, and I will not keep you up any longer. Good-night."

So Léon went to his bed, and Saint-Luc roamed about the silent town till daylight, mentally balancing himself against Barrington, and finding no encouragement from the process.

It is perhaps needless to add that he did not occupy the vacant seat in the waggonette on the following day.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH MR. BARRINGTON WINS A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

ONE of the most grievous burdens attaching to royal birth must be, one would think, the impossibility of getting from one country to another without well-meant but tedious demonstrations of loyalty and respect. An unfortunate emperor, king, or prince lands from the steamer in which, perhaps, he has been wofully sea-sick, or steps out of his special train, dirty and weary, and there, upon the platform, stands his worship the mayor, in furred gown and gold chain, with an attendant body of aldermen and town-councillors, and proceeds to entertain the illustrious traveller with a loyal and long-winded address of welcome. The poor

royal personage knows perfectly well the stereotyped, meaningless phrases which are about to be hurled at him, and knows also the terms in which it will be expected he should reply thereto. The whole business must be to him a monstrous unnecessary bore; still, it has to be gone through, and he goes through it as cheerfully as may be. If, however, he be a shifty royal personage, and can manage to get his luggage moved with extra rapidity, there is a reasonable mode of escape open to him. It may be announced that his Majesty, or his Royal Highness, as the case may be, is compelled to proceed on his journey with all possible despatch, and must deny himself the pleasure of hearing or delivering speeches on his way; the loyal address, therefore, will be "taken as read." So the illuminated parchment is hastily shoved in at the carriage window, the exalted creature inside advances, bows and smiles with such affability as nature has granted to him, and is presently whisked away in a manner satisfactory, it is to be hoped, both to himself and others.

If only certain days of our life, the net result of which can be easily foretold—days of mere barren vexation and weariness of the flesh—could be thus summarily dismissed, and taken as lived, how thankful some of us would be! In real life, unfortunately, there is no stealing a march upon Time: we must take the rough with the smooth, and all we have to consider is how to swallow measureless tedium with a minimum of yawns; but when it comes to be a question of fiction, to which, it may be presumed, nobody resorts unless with some faint expectation of amusement, nature revolts against dulness, and nimbly skips over the prosy passages. Those prosy passages need never be written at all, and much labour might be spared to writer as well as reader could the former but guess when he is about to become wearisome; but that, no doubt, is past hoping for. Of one thing, however, every narrator may be sure—that when, in the course of his story, he feels disposed to dwell upon any particular subject, he is getting upon dangerous ground, and had best quit that subject without further delay. The present writer, being conscious of an inclination to linger among the sunny valleys and breezy heights of Kabylia, now, therefore, resolutely turns away from that pleasant land, and shutting out his background of mountains and blue sky, narrows the limits of his stage to the four walls of a heated and not over well-lighted billiard-room.

It is a long, low-roofed room, occupying the whole entresol above one of the principal cafés of Algiers, and containing several tables. At one of these Barrington and a friend, picked up at the Hotel d'Orient, are hard at work in their shirt-sleeves, endeavouring, not very successfully, to master the science of the cannon game, while at a more distant one, M. de Saint-Luc, with pale face and downcast mien, is absently knocking the balls about, pausing every now and again to emit a half-smothered sigh. Léon, outstretched upon a sofa, with a cigarette in his mouth and a tall glass of vermouth and water on a table at his side, contemplates with the serene smile of a man who has dined well, the blue smoke

clouds that slowly drift away from him ; and, on the opposite side of the room, a diminutive, close-cropped waiter, worn out by the labour and heat of the day, is snatching a well-earned snooze, perched on a high stool, on whose slippery summit he perilously sways and lurches. From the café beneath rises a confused hubbub, a clinking of glasses, a clattering of dominoes, a roar of excited voices, such as in England would convey the idea of nothing less than an imminent free fight, but here means only that a few good bourgeois and line-officers are enjoying a quiet evening after their habitual manner ; in the street below a shrill-voiced boy is shouting, "*Le Moniteur d'Algérie*, journal du soir ! Achetez le *Moniteur d'Algérie* !" and from time to time, when the general turmoil abates for a second or two, the monotonous thrum, thrum, thrum of a guitar can be heard faintly rising from a Moorish café down by the water-side.

Here, in the billiard-room, there is silence unbroken save by the click of the balls and the occasional execrations of Mr. Barrington's friend, who plays a very fair game at the club at home, and is surprised and disgusted to find how little mastery he has over foreign balls and cues.

"Never saw such a beastly game in my life !" he exclaims wrathfully, throwing himself down upon a chair. "Might as well play with footballs and barge-poles, by Jove ! I'll trouble you for the tip of that cue ! Just look at it, will you ! Why it's a couple of inches broad."

"Ah, it's a game you have to get accustomed to," remarks Barrington, scoring rather neatly ; "but when you understand it, it's less flukey than ours, and I really think there is more play in it."

"Don't see any play in it at all," growls the other ; and then there is another long period of silence. The little waiter, with head thrown back and open mouth, begins to snore, and the clock in the tower of the great mosque chimes half-past ten. Presently Saint-Luc lays down his cue, and strolls dejectedly towards the sofa upon which Léon's long body is extended.

"Léon," says he, in a sepulchral voice, "when did you last have an earthquake here ?"

"An earthquake ? Oh, I hardly remember. We have a few slight shocks every year, but nobody ever thinks anything of them. Once, I remember, there was a great alarm in the middle of the night, and a good many people rushed out into the streets, in very scanty apparel, and one silly old woman jumped out of window and broke her leg. But, after all, there was no damage done. Why do you ask ?"

"Because I am quite convinced that we are going to have an earthquake to-night. I have never in my life felt in such low spirits as I do at this moment, and I have a sort of unaccountable sensation of dread, which, I take it, must mean that the earth is about to open and swallow me up. Not that that would be such a great misfortune after all."

"Bah ! It is a hot evening, and you are tired and out of sorts, as anyone would be, who had spent three days all by himself at Fort

Napoléon and then ridden back upon a lame horse. Come and have a game of billiards, and let us think no more about earthquakes. For my part, I can assure you that, whatever your wishes may be, I should dislike nothing more than being pounded to death by a falling house; and if I thought there was the slightest danger of such a thing happening, I should be out of this room in another moment. Come and play."

Saint-Luc drops into a chair and shakes his head. "I cannot play billiards to night," he says; "I should not be able to make a single stroke. Ah, Léon, I have my own good reasons for being miserable, as you know; and I suppose there is no chance of an earthquake, or why should I alone be affected by it? You seem in excellent spirits. I saw you driving with that de Trémonville woman to-day, and she gave you a rose, and you blushed, and stuck it in your button-hole, you foolish boy. Is that why you lie smiling there like a young god on Olympus? Don't be angry, we men are all made fools of by women; we can't escape our destiny, and would not, perhaps, if we could. Imagine yourself in paradise while you can—that is the truest wisdom. That tumbler at your elbow contains nothing but bitter vermouth and half-tepid water, but if you can bring yourself to quaff it under the impression that it is nectar, why it is nectar as far as you are concerned. Some day you will discover that Madame de Trémonville is—well, is a different person from what you now think her to be; but so long as you can keep your illusions, why not do so? That Englishman looks happy too. Did he drive back with her? But of course he did."

"Well, yes; but M. de Fontvieille also took a seat inside the carriage. I heard Jeanne ask him to do so."

"You did? She asked him to take a seat inside?" cried Saint-Luc eagerly. "I wonder what made her do that."

"How can I tell? She was tired of Mr. Barrington very likely. It seemed to me that they were not quite such good friends after you appeared as they had been before. Believe me, *môn cher*, you have no cause for jealousy. Mr. Barrington must return to England very soon now, and then——"

"Ah, then!"

Bang! bang! from the further end of the room. Barrington's friend, in a frantic effort to "screw," has driven his cue through the cloth, and sent one of the balls spinning off the table. The little waiter, rudely awakened from his slumbers, loses his balance, falls from his perch with a loud crash, and then, picking himself up, and immediately recovering his presence of mind, pipes out

"*C'est cinquante francs le premier accroc, messieurs.*"

"Oh, oh! I like that!" cries the delinquent, indignantly. "Cinquante francs—rubbish! Look here, you little beggar! Regardez ici—et là—et là," pointing to the traces of several previous injuries to the cloth. "Coupé all over the place, you know. Je paierai cinq francs, and not another centime—so you needn't say any more about it."

The waiter shrugs his shoulders doubtfully, and says he will consult the "patron;" and peace being restored, Barrington resumes his cue, and, adroitly drawing the balls into a corner, finishes the game with a break of ten.

The defeated player paid his stake, settled with the waiter, and after making some brief but trenchant observations upon the game of French billiards, took himself off. Then Barrington, who was in high good humour, both because he had won his game and on account of other reasons, strolled across the room and poked Léon in the ribs with his cue.

"Well, de Mersac," said he, "what have you been doing with yourself all day? I was at your house this afternoon, and thought I should have seen you there. How do you do, M. de Saint-Luc? You have just come back from Fort Napoléon, I suppose?"

Old Mr. Ashley, whose property adjoins Barrington's more extensive one, and who has always lived upon the best of terms with his neighbour, has been heard to say that the latter would be one of the pleasantest-mannered men in England if only he could get out of the habit of talking to others as though he were the Prince of Wales; and, indeed, it is true that there is a certain prosperous affability in the demeanour of this fortunate gentleman which men who are out of luck or out of temper sometimes find it hard to bear. Saint-Luc was too well-bred to answer his rival otherwise than politely; but if he could have followed the bent of his own inclinations, and reverted to the customs of a primitive state of society, he would then and there have arisen and pommelled him soundly. That the man should look so disgustingly contented and happy was, perhaps, not his fault; but that allusion to Fort Napoléon might surely have been spared.

There was an interval of silence, after which Léon swung his long legs off the sofa, stretched himself, yawned, and said he thought he would go and look in at the club.

"I am going home to bed; and if you are wise you will follow my example," observed Barrington, who knew very well what "looking in at the club" meant.

"Ah, but I am not wise," rejoined Léon, rather tartly; for, in common with the rest of humanity, he disliked nothing so much as good advice.

He added, "You are coming, are you not, Saint-Luc?"

The Vicomte fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and drew out a handful of coins and notes, which he proceeded to count. "Yes," he answered, when he had finished his sum; "I find I have got three hundred francs about me. That much I am prepared to lose, but I shall retire as soon as my pockets are empty."

"And I," observed Léon, "have got exactly fifty-five francs fifty centimes; and I have no intention of retiring before I am sleepy."

"Then I can only hope, for your sake, that you will be sleepy soon,"

said Barrington, putting on his hat. "Good-night, monsieur. Good-night, de Mersac. I daresay I shall see you to-morrow."

"Virtue has spread her wings and flown," remarked Saint-Luc, as the swing-door closed behind the Englishman. "You are now alone with Vice, as fitly represented in my humble person. I beg you to observe, however, that I decline the additional rôle of Temptation—I will even take upon myself to say that, much as I enjoy your society, I should prefer to say good-night now."

"Why?" asked Léon, rather affronted.

"Firstly, because they are playing lansquenet at the club to-night, and lansquenet is, of all games that I know, the one at which large sums are most easily lost. Secondly, because there is no luck in the air to-night. Thirdly, because you have not got enough money in your pockets. I have three hundred francs, the loss of which will sober me. You will lose what you have in a few minutes, after which you will take to paper, and become reckless. Also, your head is not so cool as mine to start with."

Looked upon as a deterrent, the observation was scarcely a happy one. Nobody—above all, no young man—likes to be told that his head is not cool; nor is it flattering to be cautioned against the seductive nature of any amusement by a man who is himself about to engage in it.

"You talk as if I were a baby," Léon answered in a tone of some annoyance. "I have played lansquenet before now, and I am not such a fool as not to know when to stop."

Saint-Luc shrugged his shoulders. "I have warned you," said he; "I could do no more. I hope you will recollect that to-morrow morning when you wake up with a headache, and try to calculate the amount of your losses. Probably, however, you will blame me—and so will others. That will be nothing more than my usual luck."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," answered Léon; "and I don't know whom you mean by others. When I lose my money, I generally keep the fact to myself."

"Do you?" said Saint-Luc. "I have never been able to achieve such reticence. But it does not much matter. Things can hardly be much worse with me than they are already. Shall we go?"

Léon understood it all, and was not best pleased. Jeanne had been the kindest of sisters to him, and he had a reverence and respect for her rather filial than fraternal; still few sons can bear with equanimity the idea that their mother has requested a stranger to keep them out of mischief, and Léon, as he held open the door for his friend to pass out, said to himself that the time had come for him to shake off feminine rule.

The two men descended the stairs together in silence, and a few steps brought them to the door of the club, which occupied the first floor of a large corner house. The room which they presently entered was a lofty

and spacious one, lighted by a big crystal chandelier, and furnished with a multiplicity of easy chairs. In some of these a few members were dozing; a little knot of idlers were smoking on the balcony, and at the further end of the room some eight or ten men, mostly officers in the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, were congregated round a card-table. One of the latter wheeled round as the newcomers approached, and beckoned to them.

"Come and bring us a change of luck," he cried. "There never was such a dull game as this since the world began! Would you believe that we have been playing for three-quarters of an hour, and that nobody has lost a sou except myself, who am minus three napoleons."

"I have lost five," said another man in a rather aggrieved tone.

"And ought to have lost five hundred," retorted the first speaker.

"What is the use of playing with a man like you, who always make a point of throwing good money after bad, if nobody is ever to get a deal? I don't think any single dealer has had more than two turns."

"Be comforted, *de Monceaux*," said Saint-Luc, seating himself on the left hand of the grumbler. "I have brought three hundred francs with me for the express purpose of losing them, and perhaps some share of the plunder may find its way into your pocket."

"Not if you sit there," rejoined the other. "Your stake will be covered three times over before I get a chance of putting anything on. If you think you are going to have bad luck, for Heaven's sake seat yourself above instead of below me."

But Léon had taken the chair next to that which Saint-Luc now occupied, and the kind-hearted *Vicomte* thought it might be for the young man's benefit that he should have a mentor at his elbow, so he shook his head.

"It is hardly worth while to change places now," he said. "But we are interrupting the game. Whose deal is it?"

"It is mine, I believe," answered *de Monceaux*; "but I have no confidence in these cards. I propose that we have fresh ones, and begin over again."

So two new packs were brought, and being dealt round, the lowest card fell to Saint-Luc, who thus became dealer, much to the disgust of his neighbour.

"Is that what you call bad luck?" exclaimed that ill-used person, indignantly. "I might have known how it would be! And now I will lay a hundred francs to fifty that you win six times, provided you leave the stake up."

Saint-Luc took the bet, laid a napoleon on the table as his stake, and began to deal.

CHAPTER XII.

LANSQUENET.

Most people, probably, are acquainted with the rules of lansquenet ; but, for the benefit of those who are not, a short explanation shall be given—the more willingly as the game is one of an engaging simplicity. The dealer, after laying down a stake, the amount of which is left to his option, turns up the first two cards of the pack, one for himself and one for the table ; he then proceeds to deal out the cards till one of the same number as either of those already displayed appears. Should the table win, he loses his stake and the deal passes ; but if his own card prove successful, he may either pocket his winnings and surrender his deal to the next player, or leave both winnings and stake up, and continue. The stake may be covered by one or more of the players, the left-hand neighbour of the dealer having the first choice. In the present instance, Léon being seated next to Saint-Luc, at once covered the modest napoleon staked by his friend.

Saint-Luc won, and left the two gold pieces on the table, and Léon once more monopolised the play. The dealer won again, and again, and yet again, but at the fifth time the luck turned, and the young marquis had the satisfaction of receiving back the scraps of paper on which he had scribbled the amount of his debts, together with twenty francs of winnings.

"That is not the way to play lansquenet, my friend," whispered Saint-Luc ; but Léon, in answer to the good-natured warning, only shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and muttered, "*Je sais ce que je fais*," which, if true, was a statement little creditable to his understanding. He put up forty francs and lost them immediately. Then, for a time, he got no chance of losing or winning, and sat drumming on the table and fidgeting restlessly in his chair after the manner of inexperienced gamblers, who are seldom contented unless they can be in the thick of the fray.

The game did not at first prove an exciting one. There were no long deals, very little money changed hands, and at the end of an hour the only player upon whom Fortune seemed to have smiled at all was Saint-Luc, who had a little pile of gold before him ; whereas Léon, whose few coins had long since vanished, had sent some three hundred francs worth of his signatures to different parts of the table, and was a little inclined to be querulous over his losses.

Poor Léon had not yet learnt that the first duty of a gambler is to preserve an aspect of equanimity, and that though men will bear with fools, and will even show marvellous patience with rogues, they will not tolerate one who bursts into lamentations over his bad luck. He offended in this way more than once in the course of the evening, but, perhaps, in consideration of his inexperience, he might have been allowed to escape

unrebuked, had he not had the misfortune to fall foul of M. de Monceaux. That gentleman, who was no longer in his first youth, and had long since discovered that the pastimes of this world are but weariness and vexation of spirit, unless they can be made to conduce to its comforts, was accustomed in card-playing, as in all other pursuits, to regulate his conduct in accordance with certain well-defined principles. Throughout the evening he had been playing with more skill than good fortune, but he serenely bided his time, knowing that to him who waits opportunity will surely arrive. Now it came to pass that Léon, in pursuance of his absurd system of doubling, had taken up the whole of the stake during a rather longer deal than usual. He was some distance away from the dealer, but none of the intervening players had cared to interfere with the young man after the first round, till some eight hundred francs were on the table. It was then that M. de Monceaux, having carefully calculated that the chances were now about ten to one in his favour, stepped in, and, in the exercise of his undoubted right as next player to the dealer, covered the whole sum, won it, and quietly swept it down.

"*C'est trop fort !*" exclaimed Léon, throwing himself back in his chair. And indeed it must be admitted that the incident was one which might have tried the patience of many an older man.

"I beg your pardon," said de Monceaux suavely, bending forward as he spoke, "you said something?"

Léon frowned, but made no reply.

"Perhaps," continued de Monceaux, with increasing politeness, "M. le Marquis has not often played this game. Am I wrong in conjecturing from his manner that he believes me to have infringed some rule? In such a case he would do well to refer the matter to the committee of the club. Or if anything in my personal conduct should have displeased M. le Marquis, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to —"

"Nonsense!" interposed Saint-Luc hastily. "Nobody is complaining of you, de Monceaux; and we are all waiting for you to deal."

De Monceaux shrugged his shoulders, picked up the cards, won three times running, and then took down his gains.

"I trust M. le Marquis does not object to the deal passing," he remarked, as he handed the pack to his neighbour.

"I object to nothing," returned Léon, wrathfully; "but this I must say —"

He was cut short by a smart blow across his shins. Saint-Luc had opened his long legs like a pair of scissors and bestowed this gentle correction impartially on his right hand and on his left.

"Be quiet, Léon," he muttered; and then, turning to de Monceaux, "Hold your tongue, you old fire-eater, and don't quarrel with boys. If you must fight, come out with me to-morrow morning, and you shall see whether I am still as good a match for you as I used to be with the foils at Saint-Cyr."

At this de Monceaux, who was a good-natured fellow enough, laughed and said, "No, thank you," and so peace was restored.

Often afterwards Saint-Luc wondered whether it was destiny or mere absence of mind that led him to begin his deal by putting up so large a stake as two hundred francs. He had hitherto taken little interest in the game, having altogether failed to find sufficient excitement therein to divert his thoughts from the channel in which they had so steadily run of late; and though the corporeal presence of the Vicomte de Saint-Luc had been visible at the card-table, pale, handsome, imperturbable, staking according to the dictates of prudence and winning moderately—the man himself had been wandering sadly enough in distant places—under the stars at Fort Napoléon, in the garden of the Campagne de Mersac, through the empty rooms of his own deserted Norman chateau—who knows where? The little dispute between Léon and de Monceaux had brought him back to realities for a moment, but now he had drifted away again, and pushed up the ten gold pieces mechanically, forgetting, perhaps, that he was no longer in Paris, but in an Algerian club, where such sums were more or less of a phenomenon.

Léon immediately covered the stake. The occurrences of the last five minutes had not tended to soothe the irritability of that foolish young man, or to bring him to a calmer and wiser frame of mind. He was angry with himself, which was reasonable enough; he was very angry with de Monceaux, which was perhaps excusable; but it was certainly most unjust of him to be furious against Saint-Luc, who had just got him out of an awkward scrape. It must, however, be admitted that gratitude for such good offices is seldom forthcoming upon the spur of the moment. But lastly, and most foolishly of all, Léon was indignant with Luck; and it was with an insane determination to conquer that pitiless abstraction that he pushed a slip of paper representing two hundred francs in front of Saint-Luc's ten napoleons, and lost it. Four hundred, then eight hundred, then sixteen hundred francs went the same way. Saint-Luc went on dealing, and Léon set his teeth and continued to stake.

The rest of the players, being thus debarred from taking any part in the game, looked on with calmness not unmixed with disgust.

When a man begins his deal by putting up two hundred francs, it is natural to expect that the greater part of the company may be able to secure some interest in the result, or, failing that, that they may at least have the consolation of witnessing an exciting contest between him and the adventurous gambler who has chosen to oppose him alone. But in the present instance there was no prospect of any such solace. It was evident enough that Saint-Luc did not choose to win his friend's money; that he would go on till he lost; that the original stake would be the only sum that would change hands, and that the turning up of card after card was, therefore, a pure waste of time.

"I will never sit down to a card-table with that young imbecile

again," muttered de Monceaux to his neighbour. To which the other replied,

"Nor I—unless he likes to play with me alone."

Meanwhile Saint-Luc was having a run of good fortune such as had not been witnessed in that club for many a long day. Time after time the dealer's card came up victorious, and some languid interest began to be manifested in the large amount of money on the table, which had now reached no less a sum than fifty thousand francs odd. The figures might be nearly nominal, still more than one person present felt a thrill on seeing before him the palpable result of a two hundred francs' stake and nine successive wins. A few bets were exchanged as to how long the luck would hold; and when Léon, with hands that trembled a little, added another piece of paper to those already before the dealer, thus making up a total of over one hundred thousand francs, there was a general hush and expectancy, and all eyes were turned upon the dealer.

Saint-Luc, impassive and indifferent, took the pack in his hand and turned up the first two cards—two tens. There was a general stir and hum, and somebody called out—

"The dealer takes down half the stakes."

"Not unless he likes, I think," said Saint-Luc, looking up. "I prefer to leave it as it is."

"You have no choice," said de Monceaux. "We made it a rule here long ago that where two cards of equal value were turned up, the dealer must either take down the whole stake and let the deal pass, or half of it, and continue to deal."

"I never heard of such a rule in Paris," answered Saint-Luc, manifestly annoyed.

"It is the rule here though," persisted de Monceaux. "We had several discussions about the matter, and we all agreed that it would be more satisfactory to oblige the dealer to take advantage of exceptionally favourable circumstances. There were some people who felt a delicacy—you understand."

Of course there was nothing more to be said. If you play in a club you must conform to its rules, however absurd. Saint-Luc, with a slightly clouded brow, withdrew paper to the amount of fifty-one thousand two hundred francs. The like amount remaining on the table was at once covered by Léon, whose agitation had now passed his powers of concealment. Come what might, he must now lose over two thousand pounds, and how to raise the money he scarcely knew.

Saint-Luc turned up the next two cards—two sevens! Leon might have used any language he pleased about his luck now without fear of shocking any one's sense of propriety. The sympathies of the whole company were with him, and found vent in a subdued murmur which circled round the table. It was indeed a more cruel blow than any man could have anticipated that he should not only lose his money twice running through an altogether exceptional coincidence, but that he should

lose it to a man who had plainly shown that he did not desire to win it. Léon, however, held his peace. He had defied luck, and had got thoroughly beaten; the shock had stunned and sobered him at the same time. One thing only remained for him to do. He once more covered the dealer's stake, and, resting his head on his hand, awaited the end.

What that end would be no one could doubt. The appearance of another tie would have been little short of a miracle; the dealer had already won eleven times in succession, and the chances against his doing so again were almost incalculable. Moreover, it was quite clear that he intended to go on till he should lose. Léon himself could not but perceive this; yet his hands grew cold and his heart thumped as Saint-Luc proceeded to turn up the cards—a nine for himself and a two for his antagonist. With calm, almost cruel, deliberation, and in a profound silence, the Vicomte went on through the pack. Ten—king—three—five—would it never come? Somebody in the distance slammed a door, and Saint-Luc paused for a moment and looked over his shoulder. Then he continued as slowly as before. Eight—six—ace—seven—four—*nine*! For the twelfth time the stake had fallen to the dealer.

"And I who never, in the course of a long and eventful career, have won so much as six times running!" exclaimed de Monceaux, naturally indignant at such a waste of Fortune's best gifts. "*Mon cher*," he added, turning to Saint-Luc, "I propose to you that we start to-morrow for Monaco. I will get a week's leave from my general; I will watch your play and humbly follow it, and I will return here rich enough to offer the best dinner that Algiers can produce to all the company.

But Saint-Luc paid no attention to him. He glanced round the table, looked rather oddly for an instant at Léon's pale face and flashing eyes, and then, gathering together the accumulation of paper before him, delivered up the cards to his neighbour, remarking calmly, as he leant back in his chair, "The deal passes."

The reader may, perhaps, at some time have happened to watch two dogs playing at fighting—snapping, snarling, showing glistening fangs, and rolling one another over in the dust, but all the time with an evident tacit understanding that there was no real quarrel between them. And then he may have seen one of them, with a swift, sudden change from play into grim earnest, fasten upon the other and kill him then and there, before ever the poor brute has had time to understand what is happening to him. Greyhounds, collies, and other sharp-nosed dogs will do so sometimes. Anyone who has witnessed such a little tragedy, and recollects what his feelings were at the time towards the murderer, may form an idea of the light in which Saint-Luc's unexpected action caused him to be regarded by those who sat at the table with him. No one spoke—indeed, there was nothing to be said; what had been done was strictly in accordance with the rules of the game, but there was not a man present who did not feel that the poor young marquis had been not only cruelly treated by his friend, but morally defrauded. Who could

suppose that he would have gone on staking in the mad way he had done if he had not shared the general conviction that his enormous losses were not meant to be serious? And the fact that Saint-Luc had actually won over four thousand pounds already made his conduct the more inexcusable. In the first glow of their generous sympathy and indignation, these young fellows would willingly have placed their purses at the disposition of the victim, though, to be sure, that would have helped but little, for not one of them could have paid a twentieth part of what he owed.

Léon, in this trying crisis of his life, bore himself with a dignity and fortitude which at once blotted out the memory of his previous petulance. He rose slowly, and stood for a moment, resting his hands upon the table and looking round him. To his dying day Léon will remember that scene. The great airy room, with its polished floor and its lace curtains swaying in the night breeze; the green card-table flooded with soft light from above, the gold-laced staff-uniforms and the pale blue jackets of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the circle of curious, startled, upturned faces, de Monceaux frowning a little and twisting his waxed moustache, Saint-Luc staring steadily before him, with a countenance devoid of any expression whatever—all these, together with a dozen other petty details, make up a picture which Léon can summon up at will, and which has often revisited him when he would have been very glad to forget it. He remembers, too, the odd feeling of unreality which took hold of him, the half doubt as to his own identity, his wonder at finding his voice so clear and steady and under control.

"I think I will go away now," he said. "I have lost a good deal of money—rather more than I can afford. I shall be able to pay everybody to-morrow, except M. de Saint-Luc, whom I shall have to ask for a little time." In truth the poor lad hardly knew what he was saying, but felt only that something must be said, and that he must not disgrace himself. He paused—then bowing, added, "Good-night, messieurs," and walked across the room and out of the house.

Those who were left sat in silence till his echoing footsteps died away in the distance, and then de Monceaux remarked, "That young man will go and drown himself."

"No, he will not," answered Saint-Luc, with a quiet smile. "He is a brave fellow, and will turn out well yet."

"Parbleu!—if you have left him the means, he may," returned de Monceaux, rather roughly, for he was disgusted at his friend's cynicism.

Saint-Luc turned in his chair, so as to face the aide-de-camp, and looked him full in the eyes. "A little time ago," he said, "you were ready to kill young de Mersac because he did not seem satisfied with your manner of playing. Do you want to quarrel with me now for following your example?"

"I seek no quarrels, and refuse none," replied de Monceaux, curtly. "For the moment I am going home to bed; I have had enough of play

for one night." And so saying, he rose, buckled on his sword, and strode away.

Perhaps he was not sorry to escape without further words. Had it been a question of challenging any other man than Saint-Luc, he might have been less placable, but he knew that he might as well stand up against a mitrailleuse as against that notorious duellist. And, after all, it was not his business to fight other men's battles. His departure was the signal for a general move, and presently Saint-Luc found himself the sole tenant of the club.

Léon, meanwhile, had wandered out into the street, with no very distinct idea as to where he was or what he intended to do. After a time he found himself sitting on one of the benches in the empty Place du Gouvernement, and, taking out a pencil and a bit of paper, began to add up his losses. The calculation did not take long. To de Monceaux and one or two other players he owed some small sums amounting in all to something over fifty pounds, and to Saint-Luc exactly two hundred and fifty-five thousand eight hundred francs. For a long time he sat staring stupidly at the figures, and struggling in vain to realise the magnitude of the catastrophe that had occurred; then, all of a sudden, the true nature of his position seemed to flash across him with horrible distinctness. He was very nearly ruined. Every invested penny he had in the world would not realise the required amount. He had sold out a large portion of his patrimony since he had come of age, acting under good advice in so doing, and expending the ready money thus acquired in the purchase of fresh land and in farm improvements. Within the last few months he had bought a great many costly agricultural machines, which would, he was convinced, make him a richer man in the long run, though it was only too certain that, if sold at the present time, they would not fetch half their value. Upon the whole, it would cost him a great deal more than ten thousand pounds to pay Saint-Luc. Nor was there anyone to whom he could apply for temporary aid. The Duchess had only a life-interest in her income, M. de Fontvieille had long since sunk his small fortune in an annuity, and Jeanne's share of her father's estate was, of course, held in trust for her. What was to be done? Léon could see nothing for it but that he must sell his house and part of his lands for what they would fetch, and retire to that lonely farm on the Metidja plain of which mention has already been made. Jeanne, he thought, might live, till her marriage, with the Duchess, who would now have to seek a new home. It was all very hard, poor Léon could not help thinking. A man makes a fool of himself during one brief half-hour, and is crippled for the rest of his life. Surely the punishment is out of all proportion to the offence! And not the least part of his misery was the anticipation of the story he would have to relate at home in the course of a few hours. How should he ever bring himself to tell what must be told? Could he call his sister, who had devoted her whole life to him, and the kindly, worldly, fussy old woman

who had treated him with all a mother's fondness, if not with quite a mother's discretion, and who had spoilt, admired, and idolised him from his cradle—could he face them, and say, "My good people, I am very sorry, but you will have to leave your old home, and the familiar rooms, and the garden, and the orchard, and the woods that you loved, and look out for some much less spacious habitation. I lost a small fortune at lansquenet last night, and now I have got to sell house and land, and make a fresh start. As for you, you will be a little pinched; you will have to economise here and there, and do without some of the small luxuries which you have come to consider as necessities. I shall not be able to live with you myself——"

"My God! I can't do it!" broke off poor Léon aloud.

And then, for a moment, some such thought as that which had occurred to de Monceaux did cross his mind. Yonder lay the sea, calm, silent, and grey with the first glimmer of dawn. It would be easy enough to take a boat and row out beyond the breakwater, after sunrise, and bathe. The best of swimmers may be seized with cramp—there would be no scandal. But here common sense stepped in, and pointed out that in this direction lay no hope of honourable escape. It was certain that Saint-Luc must be paid; and Léon, even if he avoided the grief and shame of meeting those dearest to him again, must leave them, as a legacy, some record of his debt. He tried to summon up all his courage, and said to himself that since he was obliged to do what he would rather die than do, he would at least go through it without flinching. He would tell his story in as few words as possible, he thought, and get it over. There would be no use in weeping, or execrating his folly, or entreating for pardon. They would understand better than he could express to them how miserable he was. Yes, he would tell Jeanne first and then the Duchess, and in ten minutes it would all be done. He had heard of surgical operations which had lasted much longer than that, and men had lived through them, and been able to speak of them calmly in after years. But when he pictured to himself what would follow—the Duchess's tears and lamentations, as she made her preparations for departure—Jeanne moving silently from room to room, packing and arranging, with a grave, sorrowful face, worse than any outspoken reproach, his fortitude gave way, and throwing his arms over the back of the bench he hid his face in them and groaned.

After a time some one came behind him and touched him gently on the shoulder.

He started up, and saw Saint-Luc.

"Oh, is it you, Saint-Luc?" said he, in a hurried, confused manner. "I will be with you directly. I must just speak to my sister and the Duchess—it will not take ten minutes—and then I will come back. I have added up what I owe you, and it comes to two hundred and fifty-five thousand eight hundred francs, I think. I shall be able to pay you before very long; but you will understand that it takes a little time."

Saint-Luc did not reply, but, passing his arm through Léon's, led him away towards the Hotel d'Orient. The young man made no resistance till they had reached the door, then he started and drew back. "Where are we?" he asked, pushing his hat back from his forehead. "This is your hotel, is it not? I think I must have fallen asleep. I must be going home now."

"Not at this hour," said Saint-Luc, quietly. "It is morning already, and you would disturb them. You can have the bedroom next to mine, and if you have anything to say about money matters, we will discuss it at breakfast. In the meantime, the best thing you can do is to take off your clothes and get to sleep."

The young man made some faint effort at opposition, but he was too confused and weary to hold out long; and half an hour afterwards he was in bed, and sleeping as soundly as if the events of the evening had been merely a troubled dream.

Saint-Luc peeped in at him presently through the half-open door, and then stealing away on tip-toe to his own window, lighted a cigar and watched the sun rise from behind the shadowy Djurdjura range.

I Speech at Eton.*

THE philosopher Epictetus, who had a school at Nicopolis in Epirus at the end of the first century of our era, thus apostrophises a young gentleman whom he supposes to be applying to him for education :—

“Young sir, at home you have been at fisticuffs with the man-servant, you have turned the house upside down, you have been a nuisance to the neighbours ; and do you come here with the composed face of a sage, and mean to sit in judgment upon the lesson, and to criticise my want of point ? You have entered here with envy and chagrin in your heart, humiliated at not getting your allowance paid you from home ; and you sit with your mind full, in the intervals of the lecture, of how your father behaves to you, and how your brother. What are the people down at home saying about me ?—They are thinking : Now he is getting on ! they are saying : He will come home a walking dictionary !—Yes, and I should like to go home a walking dictionary ; but then there is a deal of work required, and nobody sends me anything, and the bathing here at Nicopolis is dirty and nasty ; things are all bad at home, and all bad here.”

Nobody can say that the bathing at Eton is dirty and nasty. But at Eton, as at Nicopolis, the moral disposition in which the pupil arrives at school, the thoughts and habits which he brings with him from home and from the social order in which he moves, must necessarily affect his power of profiting by what his schoolmasters have to teach him. This necessity is common to all schooling. You cannot escape from it here, no more could they at Nicopolis. Epictetus, however, was fully persuaded that what he had to teach was valuable if the mental and moral frame of his pupils were but healthy enough to permit them to profit by it. I hope the Eton masters have the same conviction as to the native value of what they teach. But you know how many doubters and deniers of the value of a classical education we nowadays meet with. Let us put aside all that is said of the idleness, extravagance, and self-indulgence of the schoolboy : this may pair off with the complaint of Epictetus about the unsatisfactory moral state of his pupil. But with us there are many people who go on and say : “And when the schoolboy, in our public schools, does learn, he learns nothing that is worth knowing.” It is not of the Eton schoolboy only that this is said, but of the public schoolboy generally. We are all in the same boat, all of us in whose schooling the Greek and Latin classics fill the principal place. And it

* Address delivered to the Eton Literary Society.

avails nothing that you try and appease the gainsayer by now acquainting yourselves with the diameter of the sun and moon, and with all sorts of matters which to us of an earlier and ruder generation were unknown. So long as the Greek and Latin classics continue to fill, as they do fill, the chief place in your school-work, the gainsayer is implacable and sticks to his sentence: "When the boy does learn, he learns nothing that is worth knowing."

Amidst all this disparagement, one may well ask oneself nervously what is really to be said on behalf of studies over which so much of our time is spent, and for which we have, many of us, contracted a fondness. And after much consideration I have arrived at certain conclusions, which for my own use I find sufficient, but which are of such extreme simplicity that one ought to hesitate, perhaps, before one produces them to other people. However, such as they are, I have been led to bring them out more than once, and I will very briefly rehearse them now. It seems to me that what a man seeks through his education is to get to know himself and the world; that for this knowledge it is before all things necessary that he acquaint himself with the best which has been thought and said in the world; finally, that of this best the classics of Greece and Rome form a very chief portion, and the portion most entirely satisfactory. With these conclusions lodged safe in one's mind, one is staunch on the side of the humanities. And in the same spirit of simplicity in which these conclusions have been reached, I proceed further. People complain that the significance of the classics which we read at school is not enough brought out, that the whole order and sense of that world from which they issue is not seized and held up to view. Well, but the best, in literature, has the quality of being in itself formative—silently formative; of bringing out its own significance as we read it. It is better to read a masterpiece much, even if one does that only, than to read it a little and to be told a great deal about its significance and about the development and sense of the world from which it issues. Sometimes what one is told about the significance of a work, and about the development of a world, is extremely questionable. At any rate, a schoolboy, who, as they did in the times of ignorance at Eton, read his Homer and Horace through, and then read them through again, and so went on until he knew them by heart, is not, in my opinion, so very much to be pitied.

Still that sounding phrase, "the order and sense of a world," sends a kind of thrill through us when we hear it, especially when the world spoken of is a thing so great and so interesting as the Græco-Roman world of antiquity. If we are not deluded by it into thinking that to read fine talk about our classical documents is as good as to read the documents themselves, the phrase is one which we may with advantage lay to heart. I remember being struck, long ago, with a remark on the Greek poet Theognis by Goethe, who did not know Greek well and had to pick out its meaning by the help of a Latin translation, but who brought to

everything he read his powerful habits of thought and criticism. "When I first read Theognis," says Goethe, in substance, "I thought him querulous and morbid, and disliked him. But when I came to know how entirely his poetry proceeded from the real circumstances of his life, from the situation of parties in Megara, his native city, and from the effects of that situation upon himself and his friends, then I read him with quite another feeling." How very little do any of us treat the poetry of Theognis in that fashion! was my thought after reading Goethe's criticism. And earlier still I remember being struck at hearing a schoolfellow, who had left the sixth form at Rugby for Cambridge, and who had fallen in somewhere with one of Bunsen's sons, who is now a member of the German Parliament—at hearing this schoolfellow contrast the training of George Bunsen, as we then called him, with our own. Perhaps you think that at Rugby, which is often spoken of, though quite erroneously, as a sort of opposition establishment to Eton, we treated the classics in a high philosophical way, and traced the sequence of things in ancient literature, when you at Eton professed nothing of the kind. But hear the criticism of my old schoolfellow. "It is wonderful," said he; "not only can George Bunsen construe his Herodotus, but he has a view of the place of Herodotus in literary history, a thing none of us ever thought about." My friend spoke the truth; but even then, as I listened to him, I felt emotion at hearing of the place of Herodotus in literary history. Yes, not only to be able to read the admirable works of classical literature, but to conceive also that Græco-Roman world, which is so mighty a factor in our own world, our own life, to conceive it as a whole of which we can trace the sequence and the sense and the connexion with ourselves, this does undoubtedly also belong to a classical education, rightly understood.

But even here, too, a plain person can proceed, if he likes, with great simplicity. As Goethe says of life: Strike into it anywhere, lay hold of it anywhere, it is always powerful and interesting—so one may almost say of classical literature. Strike into it where you like, lay hold of it where you like, you can nearly always find a thread which will lead you, if you follow it, to large and instructive results. Let us to-night follow a single Greek word in this fashion, and try to compensate ourselves, however imperfectly, for having to divert our thoughts, just for one lecture, from the diameter of the sun and moon.

The word I will take is the word *eutrapelos*, *eutrapelia*. Let us consider it first as it occurs in the famous funeral oration put by Thucydides into the mouth of Pericles. The word stands there for one of the chief of those qualities which have made Athens, says Pericles, "the school of Greece"; for a quality by which Athens is eminently representative of what is called Hellenism: the quality of flexibility. "A happy and gracious flexibility," Pericles calls this quality of the Athenians; and it is no doubt a charming gift. Lucidity of thought, clearness and propriety of lan-

guage, freedom from prejudice, freedom from stiffness, openness of mind, amiability of manners, all these seem to go along with a certain happy flexibility of nature, and to depend upon it. Nor does this suppleness and flexibility of nature at all necessarily imply, as we English are apt to suppose, a relaxed moral fibre and weakness. In the Athenian of the best time it did not. "In the Athenians," says Professor Curtius, "the sense of energy abhorred every kind of waste of time, their sense of measure abhorred bombast and redundancy, and their clear intelligence everything partaking of obscurity or vagueness; it was their habit in all things to advance directly and resolutely to the goal. Their dialect is characterised by a superior seriousness, manliness, and vigour of language."

There is no sign of relaxation of moral fibre here; and yet, at the same time, the Athenians were eminent for a happy and gracious flexibility. That quality, as we all know, is not a characteristic quality of the Germanic nations, to which we ourselves belong. Men are educable, and when we read of the abhorrence of the Attic mind for redundancy and obscurity of expression, its love for direct and telling speech, and then think of modern German, we may say with satisfaction that the circumstances of our life have at any rate educated us into the use of straightforward and vigorous forms of language. But they have not educated us into flexibility. All around us we may observe proofs of it. The state of Ireland is a proof of it. We are rivals with Russia in Central Asia, and at this moment it is particularly interesting to note how the want of just this one Athenian quality of flexibility seems to tell against us in our Asiatic rivalry with Russia. "Russia," observes one who is perhaps the first of living geographers—an Austrian, Herr von Hellwald—"possesses far more shrewdness, *flexibility*, and congeniality than England; qualities adapted to make the Asiatic more tractable." And again: "There can be no dispute which of the two, England or Russia, is the more civilised nation. But it is just as certain that the highly-civilised English understand but indifferently how to raise their Asiatic subjects to their own standard of civilisation, whilst the Russians attain, with their much lower standard of civilisation, far greater results amongst the Asiatic tribes, whom they know how to assimilate in the most remarkable manner. Of course they can only bring them to the same level which they have reached themselves; but the little which they can and do communicate to them counts actually for much more than the great boons which the English do not know how to impart. Under the auspices of Russia the advance in civilisation amongst the Asiatics is indeed slow and inconsiderable, but steady, and suitable to their natural capacities and the disposition of their race. On the other hand, they remain indifferent to British civilisation, which is absolutely incomprehensible to them."

Our word "*flexibility*" has here carried us a long way, carried us to Turkestan and the valleys of the Jaxartes and Oxus. Let us get back to Greece, at any rate. The generation of Pericles is succeeded by the

generation of Plato and Aristotle. Still the charming and Athenian quality of *eutrapelia* continues to be held in high esteem. Only the word comes to stand more particularly for flexibility and felicity in the give-and-take of gay and light social intercourse. With Aristotle it is one of the virtues; the virtue of him who in this pleasant sort of intercourse, so relished by the Greeks, manages exactly to hit the happy and right mean, the virtue opposed to buffoonery on the one side, and to morose rusticity, or clownishness, on the other. It is in especial the virtue of the young, and is akin to the grace and charm of youth. When old men try to adapt themselves to the young, says Plato, they betake themselves, in imitation of the young, to *eutrapelia* and pleasantry.

Four hundred years pass, and we come to the date of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The word *eutrapelia* rises in the mind of the writer of that Epistle. It rises to St. Paul's mind, and he utters it; but in how different a sense from the praising and admiring sense in which we have seen the word used by Thucydides and Aristotle! *Eutrapelia*, which once stood for that eminently Athenian and Hellenic virtue of happy and gracious flexibility, now conveys this favourable sense no longer, but is ranked with filthiness and foolish talking among things which are not convenient. Like these, it is not to be once named among the followers of God: "neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting (*eutrapelia*), which are not convenient."

This is an extraordinary change, you will say. But now, as we have descended four hundred years from Aristotle to St. Paul, let us ascend, not four hundred, not quite even one hundred years, from Thucydides to Pindar. The religious Theban poet, we shall see (and the thing is surely very remarkable), speaks of the quality of *eutrapelia* in the same disapproving and austere way as the writer of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young and noble Jason appears at Iolcos, and being questioned about himself by Pelias, he answers that he has been trained in the nurture and admonition of the old and just Centaur, Chiron. "From his cave I come, from Chariclo and Philyra, his stainless daughters, who there nursed me. These twenty years am I with them, and there hath been found in me neither deed nor word that is not convenient; and now, behold, I am come home, that I may recover my father's kingdom." The adjective *eutrapelos*, as it is here used in connexion with its two nouns, means exactly a word or deed, in Biblical phrase, of *vain lightness*, a word or deed *such as is not convenient*.

There you have the history of the varying use of the words *eutrapelos*, *eutrapelia*. And now see how this varying use gives us a clue to the order and sense, as we say, of all that Greek world, so nearly and wonderfully connected with us, so profoundly interesting for us, so full of precious lessons.

We must begin with generalities, but we will try not to lose ourselves in them, and not to remain amongst them long. Human life and human society arise, we know, out of the presence in man of certain needs, certain

instincts, and out of the constant endeavour of these instincts to satisfy and develop themselves. We may briefly sum them up, these needs or instincts, as being, first and foremost, a general instinct of expansion; then, as being instincts following diverse great lines, which may be conveniently designated as the lines of conduct, of intellect and knowledge, of beauty, of social life and manners. Some lines are more in view and more in honour at one time, some at another. Some men and some nations are more eminent on one line, some on another. But the final aim, of making our own and of harmoniously combining the powers to be reached on each and all of these great lines, is the ideal of human life. And our race is for ever recalled to this aim, and held fast to it, by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

The ideal of human life being such as it is, all these great and diverse powers to the attainment of which our instincts, as we have seen, impel us, hang together; cannot be truly possessed and employed in isolation. Yet it is convenient, owing to the way in which we find them actually exhibiting themselves in human life and in history, to treat them separately, and to make distinctions of rank amongst them. In this view, we may say that the power of conduct is the greatest of all the powers now named; that it is three-fourths of life. And wherever much is founded amongst men, there the power of conduct has surely been present and at work, although of course there may be and are, along with it, other powers too.

Now, then, let us look at the beginnings of that Greece to which we owe so much, and which we may almost, so far as our intellectual life is concerned, call the mother of us all. "So well has she done her part," as the Athenian Isocrates truly says of her, "that the name of Greeks seems no longer to stand for a race, but to stand for intelligence itself, and they who share in Hellenic culture are called Greeks even before those who are merely of Hellenic blood." The beginnings of this wonderful Greece, what are they?

Greek history begins for us, as I have more than once had occasion to say, with the sanctuaries of Tempe and Delphi, and with the Apolline worship and priesthood which in those sanctuaries under Olympus and Parnassus established themselves. The northern sanctuary of Tempe soon yielded to Delphi as the centre of national Hellenic life and of Apolline religion. We are accustomed to think of Apollo as the awakener and nourisher of what is called genius. And so from the very first the Greeks, too, considered him. But in those earliest days of Hellas, and at Delphi, where the hardy and serious tribes of the Dorian highlands made their influence felt, Apollo was not only the nourisher of genius, he was also the author of every higher moral effort. He was the prophet of his father Zeus, in the highest view of Zeus, as the source of the ideas of moral order and of right. For to this higher significance had the names of Zeus and Phœbus—names originally derived from sun and air—gradually risen. They had come to designate a Father, the

source of the ideas of moral order and of right ; and a Son, his prophet purifying and inspiring the soul with these ideas, and also with the idea of intellectual beauty.

Now the ideas of moral order and of right which are in human nature, and which are, indeed, a main part of human life, were especially, we are told, a treasure possessed by the less gay and more solitary tribes in the mountains of Northern Greece. These Dorian tribes were Delphi's first pupils. And the graver view of life, the thoughts which give depth and solemnity to man's consciousness, the moral ideas, in short, of conduct and righteousness, were the governing elements in the manner of spirit propagated from Delphi. The words written up on the temple there called all comers to *soberness and righteousness*. The Doric and Æolic Pindar felt profoundly this severe influence of Delphi. It is not to be considered as an influence at war with the idea of intellectual beauty—to mention the name of Pindar is in itself sufficient to show how little this was, or could be, the case. But it was above all an influence charged with the ideas of moral order and of right. And there were confronting these Dorian founders of Hellas, and well known to them, and connected with them in manifold ways, other Greeks of a very different spiritual type ; the Asiatic Greeks of Ionia, full of brilliancy and mobility, but over whom the ideas of moral order and of right had too little power, and who could never succeed in founding among themselves a serious and powerful state. It was evident that the great source of the incapacity which accompanied, in these Ionians of Asia, so much brilliancy, that the great enemy in them to the *Halt*, as Goethe calls it, the steadiness, which moral natures so highly prize, was their extreme mobility of spirit, their gay lightness, their *eutrapelia*. For Pindar, therefore, the word *eutrapelos*, expressing easy flexibility and mobility, becomes a word of stern opprobrium, and conveys the reproach of vain folly.

The Athenians were Ionians. But they were Ionians transplanted to Hellas, and who had breathed, as a Hellenic state, the air of Delphi, that bracing atmosphere of the ideas of moral order and of right. In this atmosphere the Athenians, Ionian as they were, imbibed influences of character and steadiness which for a long while balanced their native vivacity and mobility, distinguished them profoundly from the Ionians of Asia, and gave them men like Aristides.

Still, the Athenians were Ionians. They had the Ionian quickness and flexibility, the Ionian turn for gaiety, wit, and fearless thinking, the Ionian impatience of restraint. This nature of theirs asserted itself, first of all, as an impatience of *false* restraint. It asserted itself in opposition to the real faults of the Dorian spirit, faults which became more and more manifest as time went on ; to the unprogressiveness of this spirit, to its stiffness, hardness, narrowness, prejudice, want of insight, want of amiability. And in real truth, by the time of Pericles, Delphi, the great creation of the Dorian spirit, had broken down, and was a witness to that spirit's lack of a real power of life and growth. Bribes had dis-

credited the sanctity of Delphi ; seriousness and vital power had left it. It had come to be little more than a name, and what continued to exist there was merely a number of forms.

Now, then, was the turn of the Athenians. With the idea of conduct, so little grasped by the Ionians of Asia, still deeply impressed on their soul, they freely and joyfully called forth also that pleasure in life, that love of clear thinking and of fearless discussion, that gay social temper, that ease and lightness, that gracious flexibility, which were in their nature. These were their gifts, and they did well to bring them forth ; the gifts are in themselves gifts of great price, like those other gifts contributed by the primitive and serious Dorian tribes, their rivals. Man has to advance, we have seen, along several lines, and he does well to advance along them. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

And at this moment Thucydides, a man in whom the old virtue and the new reason were in just balance, has put into the mouth of Pericles, another man of the same kind, an encomium on the modern spirit, as we may call it, of which Athens was the representative. By the mouth of Pericles, Thucydides condemned old-fashioned narrowness and illiberality. He applauded enjoyment of life. He applauded freedom from restraint. He applauded clear and fearless thinking ; the resolute bringing of our actions to the rule of reason. His expressions on this point greatly remind me of the fine saying of one of your own worthies, "the ever memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College." "I comprise it all," says Hales, "in two words : *what* and *wherefore*. That part of your burden which contains *what*, you willingly take up. But that other, which comprehends *why*, that is either too hot or too heavy ; you dare not meddle with it. But I must add that also to your burden, or else I must leave you for idle persons ; for without the knowledge of *why*, of the grounds or reasons of things, there is no possibility of not being deceived." It seems to me probable that Hales had here in his mind the words of the Funeral Oration : "We do not esteem discussion a hurt to action ; what we consider mischievous is rather the setting oneself to work without first getting the guidance of reason." Finally, Thucydides applauded the quality of nature which above all others made the Athenians the men for the new era, and he used the word *eutrapelos* in its proper and natural sense, to denote the quality of happy and gracious flexibility. Somewhat narrowed, so as to mean especially flexibility and adroitness in light social intercourse, but still employed in its natural and favourable sense, the word descends, as we saw, to Plato and Aristotle. Isocrates speaks of the quality as one which the old school regarded with alarm and disapproval ; but nevertheless, for him too the word has evidently, in itself, just the same natural and favourable sense which it has for Aristotle and Plato.

I quoted, just now, some words from the Book of Ecclesiastes, one of

the wisest and one of the worst understood books in the Bible. Let us hear how the writer goes on after the words which I quoted. He proceeds thus: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; yea, if a man live many years, let him rejoice in them all; and let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that is to come is vanity. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The old rigid order breaks down, a new power appears on the scene; it is the Athenian genius, with its freedom from restraint, its flexibility, its bold reason, its keen enjoyment of life. Well, let it try what it can do. Up to a certain point it is clearly in the right; possibly it may be in the right altogether. Let it have free play, and show what it can do. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Whether the old line is good, or the new line, or whether they are both of them good, and must both of them be used, cannot be known without trying. Let the Athenians try, therefore, and let their genius have full swing. "Rejoice; walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." In other words: Your enjoyment of life, your freedom from restraint, your clear and bold reason, your flexibility, are natural and excellent; but on condition that you know how to live with them, that you make a real success of them.

And a man like Pericles or Phidias seemed to afford promise that Athens would know how to make a real success of her qualities, and that an alliance between the old morality and the new freedom might be, through the admirable Athenian genius, happily established. And with such promise before his eyes a serious man like Thucydides might well give to the new freedom the high and warm praise which we see given to it in the Funeral Oration.

But it soon became evident that the balance between the old morality and the new freedom was not to be maintained, and that the Athenians had the defects, as the saying is, of their qualities. Their minds were full of other things than those ideas of moral order and of right on which primitive Hellas had formed itself, and of which they themselves had, in the shadow of the Parnassian sanctuary, once deeply felt the power. These ideas lost their predominance. The predominance for Athens—and, indeed, for Hellas at large—of a national religion of righteousness, of grave ideas of conduct and moral order, outweighing all other ideas, disappeared with the decline of Delphi, never to return. Not only did these ideas lose exclusive predominance, they lost all due weight. Still, indeed, they inspired poetry; and after inspiring the great Attic poets, *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, they inspired the great Attic philosophers, *Socrates* and *Plato*. But the Attic nation, the Hellenic

people, could not manage to keep its mind bent sufficiently upon them. The Attic nation had its mind set on other things. It threw itself ardently upon other lines, which man, indeed, has to follow, which had not been enough followed, of which it strongly felt the attraction, and on which it had rare gifts for excelling. It gave its heart to those powers which we have designated, for the sake of brevity and convenience, as those of expansion, intellect, beauty, social life and manners. It allowed itself to be diverted and distracted from attention to conduct, and to the ideas which inspire conduct.

It was not that the old religious beliefs of Greece, to which the ideas that inspire conduct had attached themselves, did not require to be transformed by the new spirit. They did. The greatest and best Hellenic souls, Anaxagoras, Pericles, Phidias, Sophocles, Socrates, Plato, felt, and rightly felt, that they did. The judicious historian of Greece, whom I have already quoted, Professor Curtius, says expressly: "The popular faith was everywhere shaken, and a life resting simply on the traditionary notions was no longer possible. A dangerous rupture was at hand, unless the ancient faith were purged and elevated in such a manner as to meet the wants of the age. Mediators in this sense appeared in the persons of the great poets of Athens." Yes, they appeared; but the current was setting too strongly another way. Poetry itself, after the death of Sophocles, "was seized," says Professor Curtius, "by the same current which dissolved the foundations of the people's life, and which swept away the soil wherein the emotions of the classical period had been rooted. The old perished; but the modern age, with all its readiness in thought and speech, was incapable of creating a new art as a support to its children."

Socrates was so penetrated with the new intellectual spirit that he was called a sophist. But the great effort of Socrates was to recover that firm foundation for human life which a misuse of the new intellectual spirit was rendering impossible. He effected much more for after times, and for the world, than for his own people. His amount of success with Alcibiades may probably be taken as giving us well enough the measure of his success with the Athenian people at large. "As to the susceptibility of Alcibiades," we are told, "Socrates had not come too late, for he still found in him a youthful soul, susceptible of high inspirations. But to effect in him a permanent reaction, and a lasting and fixed change of mind, was beyond the power even of a Socrates." Alcibiades oscillated and fell away, and the Athenian people, too, oscillated and fell away.

So it came to pass, that after Æschylus had sadly raised his voice to deprecate "unblessed freedom from restraint," and after complaints had been heard, again and again, of the loss of "the ancient morality and piety," of "the old elements of Hellas, reflexion and moderation, discipline and social morality," it came to pass that finally, at the end of the Peloponnesian war, "one result," the historian tells us, "one result

alone admitted of no doubt; and that was, the horribly rapid progress of the demoralisation of the Hellenic nation."

Years and centuries rolled on, and the Hellenic genius issued forth invading and vanquishing with Alexander; and then, when Rome had afterwards conquered Greece, conquered the conquerors, and overspread the civilised world. And still, joined to all the gifts and graces which that admirable genius brought with it, there went, as a kind of fatal accompaniment, moral inadequacy. And if one asked why this was so, it seemed as if it could only be because the power of seriousness, of tenacious grasp upon grave and moral ideas, was wanting. And this again seemed as if it could only have for its cause, that these Hellenic natures were, in respect of their impressionability, mobility, flexibility, under the spell of a graceful but dangerous fairy, who would not let it be otherwise. "Lest thou shouldst ponder the path of life," says the Wise Man, "*her ways are moveable, that thou canst not know them.*" Then the new and reforming spirit, which was rising in the world, turned sternly upon this gracious flexibility, changed the sense of its name, branded it with infamy, and classed it, along with "filthiness and foolish talking," among "things which are not convenient."

Now, there you have the historical course of our words *eutrapelos*, *eutrapelia*, and a specimen of the range, backwards and forwards, which a single phrase in one of our Greek or Latin classics may have.

And I might go yet further, and might show you, in the mediæval world, *eutrapelia*, or flexibility, quite banished, clear straightforward Attic thinking quite lost; restraint, stoppage, and prejudice regnant. And coming down to our own times, I might show you fearless thinking and flexibility once more, after many vicissitudes, coming into honour; and again, perhaps, not without their accompaniment of danger. And the moral from all this—apart from the moral that in our classical studies we may everywhere find clues which will lead us a long way—the moral is, not that flexibility is a bad thing, but that the Greek flexibility was really not flexible enough, because it could not enough bend itself to the moral ideas which are so large a part of life. Here, I say, is the true moral: that man has to make progress along diverse lines, in obedience to a diversity of aspirations and powers, the sum of which is truly his nature; and that he fails and falls short until he learns to advance upon them all, and to advance upon them harmoniously.

Yes, this is the moral, and we all need it, and no people more than ours. We so easily think that life is all on one line! Our nation, for instance, is above all things a political nation, and is apt to make far too much of politics. Many of us—though not many, I suppose, of you here—are Liberals, and think that that is quite enough for a man. Probably you will have no difficulty in believing, that to be a Liberal is not alone enough for a man, is not saving. One might even take—and with your notions it would probably be a great treat for you—one might take the last century of Athens, and show you a society dying of the triumph of

the Liberal party. And then, again, as the young are generous, you might like to give the discomfited Liberals a respite, to let the other side have its turn ; and you might consent to be shown, as you could be shown in the age of Trajan and of the Antonines, a society dying of the triumph of the Conservative party. They were excellent people, the Conservative Roman aristocracy of that epoch—excellent, most respectable people, like the Conservatives of our own acquaintance. Only Conservatism, like Liberalism, taken alone, is not sufficient, is not of itself saving.

But you have had enough for one evening. And besides, the tendencies of the present day in education being what they are, before you proceed to have more of this sort of thing, you ought certainly to hear a great many scientific lectures, and to busy yourselves considerably with the diameter of the sun and moon.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Menander.

"I LOVE Menander next to Sophocles. He is everywhere noble, genuine, sublime, and cheerful; his grace and sweetness are unequalled. It is greatly to be lamented that we have so little of his, but that little is invaluable, men of genius may learn so much from it." The speaker was Goethe.* The loss indeed which the world has sustained in the destruction of the comedies of Menander is little less than the loss it would have sustained had Roman literature been robbed of Horace, had French literature been deprived of Molière, had the Germans lost their Heine, had a few fragments represented all that remained to Englishmen of *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*. In some respects, indeed, the calamity presses with even greater severity, because it is of a more unique and complex character. Horace would have left none to supply his exact place, it is true, but we should have had ample illustrations of the society which nurtured him, of the tone and structure of his art, and of the historical conditions which moulded and determined the course of his genius. And what applies to Horace applies to a considerable extent to Molière, to a modified extent to Heine, and applies above all to Shakespearian comedy. The loss of these works would in truth have been a loss, not so much in kind as in degree. But with the writings of Menander the case is different. To that loss there is nothing comparable in the history of letters. In the long catalogue of the casualties which have befallen the works of antiquity it holds the first and most conspicuous place. It must come home as well to the poet as to the critic, to the philosopher, to the historian, to the student of life and manners. His comedies were the masterpieces of a literature which has for more than two thousand years maintained a proud pre-eminence among the literatures of the world, and they were placed by general consent at the head of a department of art in which that literature has achieved perhaps its highest success. "His merit is so great" (we are quoting from Quintilian) "that his fame has swallowed up that of all other authors in the same way, and they are obscured with the effulgence of his lustre." His invention was boundless; his wit and humour inexhaustible, his observation keen, searching, minute; his acquaintance with life in all its manifold phases was the wonder of the ancient world. "O Menander and Life!" rapturously exclaims Aristophanes the grammarian, "which of you copied the other?" So rich, moreover, were his writings in that practical wisdom which is the fruit of reflection and

* *Conversations with Eckermann*. Fuller's translation, p. 146.

experience, that upwards of a thousand aphorisms have been collected from them. It would scarcely be too much to say that he has contributed more than any single writer, not even excepting Shakespeare and Cervantes, to that stock of proverbs and pithy truths which have long since lost their identity, and become the common property of mankind. That St. Paul had studied him with minuteness and affection, every one of the Epistles abundantly testifies.

His style and diction were, we are told, faultless. They illustrated in its perfection that wonderful language which still remains the noblest and most perfect expression of human speech; they developed even further the resources of that dialect which had already been sufficient for the embodiment of the speculations and dialectics of Plato, the majestic conceptions of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, the myriad fancies of the *Aristophanic* comedy. His popularity was immense—indeed, after *Homer*, he appears to have been the most universally read and appreciated of all the writers of antiquity. The Greek and Roman critics vie with each other in extolling him. *Aristophanes* the grammarian ranked him as second only to *Homer*. *Plutarch* has informed us that at banquets his comedies were as indispensable as the wine. *Lyneus Soteridas* and *Homer Sellius* wrote commentaries on his works which might probably have challenged comparison with *Lombardi's* voluminous labours on *Dante*, or *Faria's* vast collections on the *Lusiad*. For subtlety of style he was, says *Pliny*, without a rival. *Athenæus* is never weary of quoting him. *Dion Chrysostom* preferred him to all the old masters of the stage—"and let none of our wise men," he adds, "reprehend my choice, as *Menander's* art in delineating the various manners and graces is more to be esteemed than all the force and vehemence of the ancient drama." Not only were *Cæcilius*, *Afranius*, *Plautus* and *Terence* his disciples and translators, but the allusions made to him by *Horace* (whose Epistles are the nearest approach which have ever been made to the peculiar excellencies of his style) and the elegiac poets prove that his comedies must have been as familiar to the Romans as the plays of Shakespeare are to a well-educated Englishman of the present day. *Quintilian* has exhausted the language of panegyric in discussing his merits, and *Aulus Gellius* has paid a very remarkable tribute to his genius. To a modern reader it would be difficult to imagine a style more copious, easy, ductile and perspicuous than that of *Aristophanes*, and yet *Plutarch* informs us that even in these points the Lord of the Old Comedy must yield to *Menander*. The grace and felicity which characterise the diction of *Terence* have time out of mind been proverbial among scholars; his pathos has drawn tears from the eyes of less sensitive readers than *Erasmus* and *Addison*; his refined and delicate humour was the delight of the ancient as it has been the delight of the modern world. Yet, out of his six comedies, the four best are mere adaptations, perhaps simply translations, from those of *Menander*; and a Roman has recorded the opinion of his countrymen when they compared them with the divine

originals. The work of their own poet was felt to be cold and inanimate; its wit paled, its brilliance lost its glamour; it bore the same relation to its Greek prototype as a plaster cast bears to the mobile features of life. These high commendations are in truth amply borne out by the fragments which have been spared to us, and these fragments, thanks to the industry of Hertelius, Henry Stephens, Gyraldus, Grotius, and pre-eminently of Augustus Meineke, are by no means inconsiderable. Meineke has succeeded in collecting upwards of two thousand verses—the *disiecta membra* of more than a hundred comedies. With that unostentatious accuracy and patient devotion which seems to be the almost exclusive prerogative of German editors, that eminent scholar has scrutinised every corner of extant literature for traces and reliques of his favourite. No source has been left unexplored, no manuscript unransacked. Through the wide domain of the classics proper, through the dreary subtleties of Alexandrian metaphysics, through the wastes of patristic theology and the vast saharas of Byzantine literature—wherever it was possible that a paragraph, a line, nay even a word of Menander could lurk, has that indefatigable commentator travelled. Light lie the turf on Augustus Meineke! We wonder whether the brilliant and handsome poet, the darling of Hellas and Glycera, has reached out in Hades the hand of goodfellowship to the shabby German professor who worked so lovingly for him.

With the aid of Meineke, it is we think still possible to form a pretty complete picture of the character and work of this great master, with whom Time has dealt so hardly. We can still catch glimpses of the matchless beauty of his style—we can discern that worldly wisdom and practical sagacity for which he was proverbial; we can determine with some certainty his estimate of our common humanity, his views of men, of the conduct of life, of the divine government of the world. For not only are the fragments themselves—amounting in many cases to complete paragraphs, stamped as well with unique and peculiar features as with a singular consistency of tone and sentiment, but they illustrate with exactness the truth of the criticism passed on Menander by those who had his works in their entirety before them. We have, moreover, the titles of ninety of his plays, and as many of these titles are undoubtedly descriptive, they testify to the wonderful versatility and comprehensiveness of his genius. One or two of his plots have been preserved, one or two others can be plausibly conjectured, and we are therefore enabled to understand something of the conduct of his fable, and of his constructive method. A short summary of the main facts of his life by Suidas; a few personal anecdotes collected from Alciphron and others, with the critiques of Quinctilian and Plutarch, furnish us with many interesting particulars. But there is another source of information which critic and biographer alike must consult with far more unalloyed satisfaction—where the critic will recognise the best of commentaries, where the biographer will recognise the true key to character. Among the statues in the

Vatican there is one which cannot fail to rivet the attention of the most casual visitor. It is the figure of a man in the prime of life, sitting on an arm-chair with a roll in his hand. Clad in simple drapery, the firm, hale, well-knit limbs reveal themselves in all the perfection of symmetry and contour. He is in the glory of mature and majestic manhood—health and vigour glow in every line. Careless ease, grace, self-possession—an air of superiority, conscious but not insolent, characterise his attitude. The face is the face of one on whom life had sate lightly, not because its depths had been unfathomed or its solemn mystery unrealised, but because the necessary compromises had been made, and Humour had brought Insight, and Insight tolerance and enjoyment. There is no passion, no enthusiasm, no folly on that tranquil face. The head is bowed, not by time or sickness, but by the habit of reflection which has lined with wrinkles the broad and ample brow, and touched with earnestness, and perhaps with something of melancholy, the placid meditative features. The eyes, in a half reverie, seem keen and searching, but their depth and fixedness suggest not so much the amused spectator as the philosophic observer. On the slightly sensual lips, half curling into a smile, flickers a light, playful irony; on the delicately curved nostrils are stamped unmistakably pride, refinement, sensibility. Such was Menander as he breathed in this beautiful world.

He was born in B.C. 341, a year memorable also for the birth of the philosopher Epicurus. His father, Diopeithes, was a distinguished general, and young Menander first saw the light at a time which must have involved much anxiety to his parents. His father was on his trial for a serious military offence; he was acquitted, and the oration in which Demosthenes procured his acquittal may still be read. Of his mother, Hégésistraté, we know nothing but her musical name. About his early years antiquity is silent. Making all allowances, however, even for preternatural precocity, we very much question honest Ulpian's statement about his being one of the dicasts on the trial of Ctesiphon in B.C. 330: a dicast of the tender age of twelve would have been a prodigy which would, we suspect, have required and found very speedy expiation in an Athenian law-court. The young poet had everything in his favour. His uncle Alexis, the author of no less than two hundred and forty comedies, was one of the most popular dramatists of those times, and he appears to have assisted his nephew in his studies, to have encouraged him in dramatic composition, and to have initiated him in that purity and elegance of style which characterised in so marked a degree his own dramas, and were to characterise in a still more marked degree the dramas of his nephew. Nor was Alexis his only instructor. It is possible that he was one of the many youths who hung round Aristotle in the shady walks of the Lyceum; it is certain that he was the friend and disciple of Aristotle's favourite pupil, the illustrious Theophrastus. In Theophrastus he must have found a congenial companion, a minute and close observer of life who possessed like himself an exquisite sense of the

ridiculous, a fine vein of humour, admirable powers of observation, equally admirable powers of description. His *Characters* have been the delight of all ages. They have been translated into every language in Europe; imitations of them are innumerable, and they have been so popular in England and France that we are indebted to them for a distinct branch of literature. Even in an age like the present, when the social sketch has been carried to such a nice degree of subtlety and finish, they have lost nothing of their old charm. The advantages of such a friendship to one who was to make human nature the principal object of his study, must have been incalculable, and there is every reason to believe that admiration on the one side, and generous affection on the other, drew master and pupil very closely together. Indeed, the ancients have accused the youth of copying with servile fidelity the personal peculiarities of the philosopher. That effeminate foppishness and regard for dress, that close attention to exterior adornment and elegance, perhaps also the languid and mincing gait which Menander affected,* were reminiscences of his master, who had learned them from Aristotle in the days when Aristotle was not superior to such follies. As Epicurus passed the first eighteen years of his life at Samos, it is not likely that his friendship with Menander could have commenced before B.C. 323, when they may have met in the lecture-rooms of Xenocrates. It must have been interrupted again during the Lamiian War, and when the two youths met afterwards at Athens in 306, they had both of them laid the foundations of a brilliant and permanent reputation. Menander brought out his first successful play, *The Angry Man* (as we may perhaps translate it) in 321, before he had completed his twenty-second year. It was apparently one of those ethic studies in which we may suspect the influence of Theophrastus. We have now no more dates to guide us in tracing his biography. We know that between 321 and 291, the year of his death, he produced upwards of a hundred comedies.

During that period the Athenians had passed through almost every phase of political vicissitude. They had seen an obscure and barbarous state asserting by rapid steps the supremacy over Hellas; they had seen the descendants of Miltiades and Themistocles grovelling at the feet of a Macedonian despot; they had seen a youth at the head of 12,000 trained soldiers and a mob of mercenaries achieve the conquest of the world; they had seen a mighty empire founded in a few months, in a few months shivered into fragments, in a few months an ordered realm—a whirling chaos of dust and blood. They had been the sport of a cruel and capricious destiny. Over the darkened stage of Athenian politics, tyrant after tyrant had chased each other in swift and disastrous succession—the greedy and licentious Harpalus, the unhappy Polysperchon, the ruthless Antipater, the milder but not less tyrannical Demetrius Phalerius, the

* Unguento delibutus, vestitu adfluens

Veniebat gressu delicato et languido.

Phædrus, lib. vi. 1.

terrible Poliorketes, the bloody and ferocious Lachares. The last accents of liberty had died on the lips of Demosthenes; her sun had set in storm at Cheronæa. It never shone again. The noble but ill-guided efforts of Hypereides and Leosthenes had ended in ignominy and defeat. Wise men like Phocion folded their arms and scoffed. The prey alternately of desperate enthusiasts and equally desperate impostors, bandied about from one traitor to another, the Athenians had come to regard political freedom as a blessing too precarious to be worth the sacrifices it involved, as a prize too costly to be the object of a prudent ambition. With the heel of a despot on their necks, they had learned to become infamous and contented. The past was forgotten—it scarcely fired a poet; the future was ignored. Apathy, they considered it resignation, seized them; generous impulses they called superstitions, and thanking what gods the philosophers had left them that they were rid of such follies, plunged into the barren miseries of materialism. Everything was unreal but the incidents of the passing hour; nothing was certain but change; the old patriotism, sublimed into a sort of sickly cosmopolitanism, was a dream, the old virtue was a laughing-stock. In striking contrast, however, to her moral and political degradation, was the social and intellectual splendour of Athens. Never was her population more numerous and thriving. The old barriers which had in the days of her pride separated her from the rest of the world were gradually crumbling away. Caste was being abolished. The merchant prince had supplanted the aristocrat, though in succeeding to his place he had succeeded to his liberality, his refinement, and his judicious patronage of art. The streets of Athens resembled the streets of imperial Rome. During the presidency of Demetrius Phalereus there were in Attica no less than 21,000 free men, 10,000 resident aliens, 400,000 slaves, and this estimate neither includes their families, nor takes account of the myriads who must have been incessantly streaming in and out of the city. While the blasts of war were raging over Asia, and thundering at her very gates, Athens seems to have resembled the Elysium of Epicurus. Commerce flourished, material prosperity was in its zenith, everywhere wealth, pomp, and luxury. Women, the fame of whose beauty had penetrated to the remotest palaces of Ecbatana and the Oxus, thronged the studios, the porches, and the halls, refusing the splendid offers of Oriental potentates, to lavish their love on the poets and philosophers who have made them immortal. Glycera, the muse of Menander; Gnathæna, the muse of Diphilus; Leontium, the disciple and mistress of Epicurus, whose learned treatise against Theophrastus was the delight of Cicero; Marmorium with her beautiful hair and rosy lips; Leæna, with her soft eyes and her stinging tongue; Lamia, Nannium, and a hundred others. Philosophy was cultivated with assiduity and success. The schools were crowded with eager students,—Theophrastus alone could boast of 2,000 pupils—and the wit and wisdom of the world met in a city which Liberty had deserted. In the beautiful groves which adjoined the Temple of Apollo

Lykeios Aristotle discussed almost every branch of human learning, and when in B.C. 322 he passed away, it was only to make room for Theophrastus and Menedemus. There too were gathered together Zeno, Epicurus, and those other illustrious sages whose names have been preserved by Diogenes Laertius, and whose wisdom, filtered through sect and system, has leavened the philosophies of the world. The abstract sciences may flourish in any soil, but never yet has the character of art remained unmodified by the moral and political condition of the epoch synchronous with its appearance; and the poetical literature of this period exactly reflects it. The rapture and enthusiasm of the epos and the lyre were no more. Oratory had degenerated into ambitious declamation. The solemn majesty of the tragic drama had long died in the bombast of Theodectes, and the Old Comedy with its hatred of tyranny, its republican spirit, its personalities, its extravagance, its broad fun and its lyric ecstasy, was suppressed and forgotten. Æschylus and Sophocles would indeed have been hissed off the stage, Aristophanes would have starved. Poets of a different type were required and found—those poets were Alexis, Philemon, and Menander; a drama of another kind was demanded and created—it was the New Comedy.

It has been sometimes asserted that the New Comedy was simply the Old Comedy in another form, stripped that is to say of its personalities and its lyric element, and that it arose mediately through the Middle Comedy from the measure passed in B.C. 404, prohibiting living persons being introduced by name on the stage. Such a definition, though it appears to have satisfied Schlegel, is far too narrow. The New Comedy bears the same relation to the other productions of the Greek stage, as the Romantic drama of Modern Europe bears to the Classical drama. It was a natural step in the development of art. It arose from no curtailment of the old licence, though that curtailment may have done something to prepare the way for it. There is, and always will be, a tendency in art to become realistic. There is a point in its career when it travels far away from nature, creating a world and an atmosphere of its own; but there is also a point when it never fails to return, when it throws off the artificial trammels of mistaken theories, and betakes itself once more to its deserted parent. This is precisely what the New Comedy did. It returned to Nature. It abolished the hard and fast lines which had hitherto separated comedy from tragedy, it brought down tragedy from a cold and lofty elevation, and it purified comedy from the extravagance which had estranged it from the practical sympathies of mankind. By uniting both, as actual life unites them, it was enabled to hold the mirror up to nature. Its object was to represent the world as it is: its joys, its sorrows, its smiles, its tears; to idealise nothing, to exaggerate nothing; to depict no demigods; to make the ordinary incidents of every day life its staple material, to trust for its plots and surprises to the extraordinary incidents which vary in the course of things the natural tenour of events. We very much question whether Philemon and Menander ever put a

character on the stage of which they could not point to the original, or ever wove a plot the incidents of which may not have been within the experience of some among their audience. They drew indiscriminately from all classes—from the motley groups which swarmed round the philosophers, idled in the Agora, or pigged together in the Peiræus, from the wild pirates of the Ægean and the freebooters of Acarnania, from the brilliant society which thronged the porticoes of Demetrius, or hung about the saloons of Leena and Glycera. Merchants, sailors, soldiers, farmers, philosophers, quacks, fortune-tellers, artists, poets, courtesans, panders, parasites, and all the anomalous offspring of a rich and highly civilized society, figure among their *dramatis persone*. Every class seems to have been represented. Sometimes an incident in domestic life furnished them with a plot. Sometimes those social romances common enough among a people where the relations between the sexes were so peculiar, and the population for the most part vagrant and migratory; at other times they would draw on the revelations which came out in the law courts, or on the strange experiences of shipwrecked sailors; occasionally their play would be the study of some vice or humour. But as their primary object was to amuse, they were probably careful to select such incidents as savoured more of comedy than of tragedy, though it is easy to see that the tone of the New Comedy, in Menander's hands at least, was essentially serious, bordering very closely, and sometimes trespassing on the domain of tragedy. Of the broad fun, of the caricatures and extravagance of the Old Comedy, there is not, so far as we know, a single trace. The nearest approach we have in modern times to the breadth and comprehensiveness of the New Comedy, are the tragi-comedies of the Elizabethan age; to its wit and humour, the masterpieces of Molière and Congreve; to its finish and polished style, the Satires of Pope; to its tone and spirit, the novels of Thackeray. The honour of founding the New Comedy belongs to Philemon, who was born at Soli about B.C. 360, and was therefore some twenty years older than Menander. When Menander exhibited his first play in 330, Philemon was the most popular dramatist in Athens, and from that moment a rivalry, which only ended when the waves of the Peiræus closed over the head of the younger poet, began between them. Philemon, though far inferior—so say the ancient critics—to his rival, managed, partly by bribery, partly by pandering to party spirit, and by currying favour with the judges, to maintain the supremacy. He was not a man who appears to have been much respected, even by his patrons. Plutarch tells an amusing story about him. In one of his comedies he had taken occasion to libel Magas, the tyrant of Cyrene, on account of his want of learning. Some time afterwards, on the occasion of a visit to Alexandria, he was driven by contrary winds into the harbour of Cyrene, and thus came into his enemy's hands. Magas, however, disdaining to seriously revenge himself, merely directed a soldier to touch the poet's throat with a naked sword, to retire without hurting him, and to present him with a set of child's playthings. "Do you not

blush, Philemon, when you gain a victory over me?" was the only remark Menander condescended to make on one of the many occasions on which Philemon had beaten him. Philemon was however no contemptible adversary, as his fragments still remain to testify. Indeed, to a modern apprehension there is no very sensible distinction between the style of the two poets, though we think we can discern a somewhat coarser fibre in the work of Philemon—a certain *insouciance* which never mars the translucent purity of the Menandrian reliques.

Menander was in every respect a true child of the time, and appears to have regarded with easy indifference not only the political troubles which had befallen his country, but the reverses which occasionally befell himself. "Learn to submit thee to the powers that be," is a maxim he has repeated more than once. Too wise to embarrass himself with deceptive friendships, he probably knew men far too well to respect them, and expecting nothing, he was not likely to be embittered by disappointment. He did not begin as an optimist, consequently he did not end as a Cynic. Like Horace, whom he closely resembles, as well in genius as in temperament and tastes, he took care to enjoy the society of those who could amuse or instruct him, and to secure the favour of those who could contribute to his interests. With Demetrius Phalereus he was on terms of the closest intimacy. A ruler who combined the character of a statesman, an orator, a philosopher, a voluptuary, and a poet, was scarcely likely to have been indifferent to the charms of a man like Menander, and during the time of Demetrius' presidency, Menander held a distinguished place at his court. When, however, in B.C. 307, Demetrius Poliorketes invaded Athens, and expelled his namesake from the city, the poet narrowly escaped being put to death. The Sycophants had lodged their accusations against him, but Telesphorus, the son-in-law of the conqueror, interceded in Menander's favour, and his life was spared. It was about this time, probably, that he received an invitation from Ptolemy Lagus, the king of Egypt, an ardent admirer of his writings, to emigrate to Alexandria. This however he declined. He had formed a *liaison* with the beautiful Glycera, and with her name his own will be as indissolubly associated as that of Alfieri with the Countess of Albany, or that of our own Byron with La Guiccioli. No poet is so full of sarcasms against women as Menander, and yet assuredly no poet had less reason to complain. If Alciphron can be trusted—and it is highly probable that he drew largely on actual tradition—Glycera was in every way worthy of her illustrious lover. To fidelity and affection, to every female charm and accomplishment, she added the more substantial attraction of intellectual sympathy. She assisted him, it seems, in the composition of his comedies, she soothed and encouraged him when the partial judges gave the prize to his rival, and in the domestic virtues a courtesan rivalled Arete herself. If she had a fault, it was the fault of her sex and her position—over-fondness, and perhaps something of jealousy. She wished to have her lover always at her side. "My Menander," she

writes (the words are Alciphron's; the sentiments—who can doubt it?—are hers) on one occasion to a female friend, “has determined to go to Corinth to see the Isthmian games. It was much against my wish, for you know what a trial it is to be deprived of such a lover even for a short time.” Still, as he does not often leave her, she will let him go, but she is full of apprehension, she is afraid he will be intriguing with her friend. “It is not you, my dear, I fear, for I know your honourable feelings, so much as Menander himself, he is such a terrible flirt. Perhaps you will blame me for my suspicions. Pardon the jealous fondness of love. If he returns as much in love with me as when he set out, I shall be eternally grateful to you.” She adds also another curious reason for wishing to retain his affections—if they quarrel she will be exposed to ribaldry on the stage: a corrupt text makes it doubtful whether she means by the pen of Menander or by some other poet. We give him the benefit of the doubt. The play (the *Glycera*) in which he sketched her character, and commemorated their loves, was certainly complimentary: three lines only have been preserved. They are significant:—

Why weep'st thou? By Olympian Jove I swear
And by Athene, though I know, dear girl,
That I full oft have sworn by them before.

The letter which Alciphron represents him as sending to Glycera on the occasion of Plotemy's offer is a very pleasing testimony of his affection and gratitude to his beautiful mistress, as well as of that strong patriotic feeling which still—a reminiscence of brighter days—bound the Athenians to the city of the violet crown. It may be read in the second book of Alciphron's *Epistles*, where it forms the third letter.

We learn from Alciphron that Menander had an estate at Peiræus; from an old commentator on Ovid, that he was drowned while bathing in the harbour there; and from Pausanias, that he was buried by the road leading out of Peiræus towards Athens. He passed away like our own Shakespeare in the meridian glory of his genius. He had not completed his fifty-second year. Old age, from which he recoiled in horror, physical pain, from which, like most of his countrymen, he shrank in pusillanimous timidity, were spared him. His life had glided away in almost unbroken tranquillity, and when the end came, it came—as the greatest and wisest of the ancients wished it to come—suddenly. From his cradle he had been Fortune's darling, and it would indeed seem that, remembering his own lines, she had added to her other boons the last it was in her power to give, the last it was in his power to crave. In his comedy of the *Supposititious One*, he had written:—

That man methinks is of all men the happiest
Who, having stayed just long enough on earth
To feast his sight with this fair face of nature:—
Sun, sea, and clouds, and heaven's bright starry fires—
Betakes him to the nothing whence he came
By painless death and sudden. Live a century—
'Tis the same scene repeated o'er and o'er.

We shall now give an account—so far at least as it is possible to do so from the fragments which have survived, and from the few other sources still open to us—of Menander's comedies. As it will be necessary to quote from these fragments somewhat extensively, it may be well to say at once that supreme among the distinctive excellencies of Menandian comedy was the idiomatic purity of its style, and that an English version can no more hope to reflect the essential characteristics of that style than a prose paraphrase could hope to reflect the witchery and music of Lorenzo's speech to Jessica in the *Merchant of Venice*, or to reproduce the exquisite verbal mechanism of the best passages in the *Rape of the Lock*. The test indeed of every good style must naturally be its untranslatableness—if we may use the expression; but the task of translation is rendered still more difficult when to the idiomatic peculiarities of a literary style are added the idiomatical peculiarities of a colloquial style. Menander by the general consent of antiquity united and carried the two to perfection. With this apology for the versions which follow, we may add that two or three of them are borrowed or adapted from Cumberland, whose admirable papers on the Middle and New Comedy relieve very pleasantly the monotonous dulness of his *Observer*.

Menander's comedies probably arranged themselves in four great divisions. Those which selected their principal character from some particular pursuit, weaving their plot out of some incident naturally connected with it, such as the *Husbandman*, the *Ship-Master*, the *Pilots*, the *Fishermen*, the *Nurse*, the *Charioteer*. Those which depicted either a foreigner or a provincial brought into contact with Athenian society—seeking a kidnapped child, perhaps, or in love but thwarted by non-citizenship standing in the way of marriage, or embroiled in a law-suit—the subject, in a word, of any one of those thousand experiences common enough among a scattered and sea-faring people; such would be the *Carthaginian*, the *Cnidian*, the *Messenian*, the *Perinthian*, the *Boeotian*, the *Carian*, the *Cretan*, the *Sicyonian*, the *Samian*. To the third class we should assign those which depicted the social life of Athens itself, and they seem in truth to have depicted every phase of it, suggesting the comprehensive fulness with which Balzac treated of modern Paris. In the *Lunchers Together*, the *Harp Player*, and the *Feasters*, for instance, we are apparently introduced to the banquetting-chamber; in the *Theban Woman* we learn from Pliny (*Nat. History*, lib. xxx. ed. i.) that we were among witches and their incantations; in the *Priestess*, the *Flute Player*, the *Devotee*, the *Cannephora*, and the *Festival*, we seem to be amid those religious celebrations which brought young unmarried women into contact with the outer world, and were, we know, so rife with intrigue, licence, and seduction; the *Courtesan*, the *Thais*, the *Glyceria*, and the *Nannium*, dealt with that class of women who filled such a peculiar and important place in the society of ancient Athens; the *Flatterer* depicted another side of that society; domestic life was represented, certainly in the *Phantom*, and probably in the

Nurse, the *Ring*, the *Necklace*, and the *Orphan*; in the *Surety*, the *Deposit*, the *Submitters to Arbitration*, and the *Legislator*, we should probably have been introduced to the law courts and the council-chamber. The plays which make up the fourth class were, however, the most popular and successful of his writings, were the most generally imitated by his disciples, and may be pronounced to be the lineal ancestors of the masterpieces of Molière. They appear to have been studies of some particular vice or eccentricity, to have delineated what Ben Jonson calls "the humours;" their tone was essentially didactic and serious. Among these we may place the *Angry Man*, the *Timid Man*, the *Drunkard*, the *Self-Tormentor*, the *Misogynist* (according to Phrynichus, his *chef d'œuvre*), the *Superstitious One*, the *Hated One* (praised so highly by Libanius), and the *Churl*. In the *Leucadia* and the *Women dosed with Hemlock*,* he apparently trespassed on the domains of tragedy; in the *False Hercules* and the *Hydra*, he may possibly have dealt with the legends of mythology. Such appears to have been the nature of the subject-matter of these comedies, though we are far from asserting that we have in all cases assigned them their proper place under the divisions suggested. We can only say that, whenever the fragments seem to throw light on the plot, they show as a rule that the title suggests the subject-matter of the play; and this descriptive character of the titles is corroborated also by other evidence, as we shall presently see. We may presume, therefore, with some confidence, that Terence could only have reflected one phase of Menander's wide-ranging and many-sided genius; and that if in the hands of the disciple the New Comedy confined itself to a conventional and narrow sphere, in the hands of the master it embraced the whole panorama of human life. His plots were, we are told, distinguished for their extreme simplicity. One or two of them may be gathered from the imitations of Terence and Plautus, but we must content ourselves by giving one preserved by Donatus, that of the *Apparition*. It appears to us singularly beautiful, and susceptible of dramatic treatment. The stepmother of a young son had had, previous to her marriage, an intrigue with a neighbour, the fruit of which was a daughter. To this daughter, a girl of surpassing loveliness, the mother was devotedly attached; and, though happiness with her husband would have been no longer possible had he discovered her secret, she could not bear to be separated from her child. She had recourse, therefore, to the following device. She lodged the child with her next door neighbour, removed the wall which separated her own apartment from that of her daughter, and was thus enabled to enjoy her society for some hours every day. To obviate all suspicion and all possibility of intrusion, she pretended that the aperture made in the wall was a shrine; she called it sacred, she covered it with leaves and chaplets, and she said

* According to some scholars, the title of the play should be, not *Κωνιαζόμενας*, but *Κονιαζόμεναι*, which would mean Female Wrestlers.

that she went there to sacrifice and commune with her Genius. One day, however, she was absent, and her step-son, curious to see whether he could catch a glimpse of the divinity so sedulously cultivated by his step-mother, entered the aperture. The girl, hearing someone and thinking it was her mother, came forward, and the awe-struck youth was in the presence of the divinity he sought. He soon found that the goddess was but mortal, that the apparition thrilled with passions like his own. For some time his stolen visits alternated with those of his step-mother, but at last the secret was divulged. The mother confessed her story to her husband, he forgave her everything, and the young couple—so Greek law allowed—sealed by a happy marriage their own love and their parents' reconciliation.* Part of the plot of the *Leucadia* is preserved by Servius; it is a curious romance, though at what point Menander took it up is doubtful. A youth named Phaon used to ply a ferry-boat between Lesbos and the continent. One day, a poor infirm old woman requested to be carried across; and the good-natured youth, pitying her forlorn condition, conveyed her over for nothing. The old woman was Venus in disguise. Pleased with his kindness, she gave him an alabaster box of ointment, telling him that whenever he anointed himself with it a woman could not fail to become desperately in love with him. Phaon had a happy time. For one of his victims, however—according to some authorities, this victim was none other than the celebrated Sappho—he did not care, and she in consequence flung herself from the Leucadian promontory into the sea.

Turning to the fragments themselves, we cannot at first sight fail to be struck by the gloomy views which their author seems to have taken of life. An undertone of sadness runs, of course, through all the poetry of the Greeks—it was the natural inheritance of those beautiful children of this world—but in no place has it found such emphatic expression as in Menander; that voluptuous poet would seem, in truth, to be the very laureate of despair and misanthropy. Take the following:—

Suppose some god should say: "Die when thou wilt,
Mortal, expect another life on earth;
And for that life make choice of all creation
What thou wilt be—dog, sheep, goat, man, or horse—
For live again thou must, it is thy fate.
Choose only in what form, there thou'rt free."
So help me, Crato, I would fairly answer,
Let me be all things, anything but man;
He only of all creatures feels affliction.
The generous horse is valued for his worth,
And dog by merit is preferred to dog;
The warrior cock is pamper'd for his courage,
And awes the baser brood. But what is man?

* One Francesco Dall' Ongaro has attempted to restore this play—in Italian. The preface proves his want of scholarship, the prologue his want of taste—the whole work his grotesque presumption.

And again :—

All creatures are more blessed in their condition,
And in their natures worthier, than man.
Look at yon ass! A sorry beast, you'll say;
And such in truth he is, poor hapless thing.
Yet these his sufferings spring not from himself,
For all that Nature gave him he enjoys;
Whilst we, besides our necessary ills,
Make ourselves sorrows of our own begetting.

To someone who is in trouble he represents one of his characters saying that, as sorrow is man's natural portion, and that as the gods make human existence conditional on suffering, we cannot charge them either with injustice or deception when they afflict us. Comfort lies in ourselves alone, in philosophy, and in reflection.

The sum of which philosophy is this :—
Thou art a man, and therefore Fortune's sport,
This hour exalted, and the next abased.

But man gets no more, he says, than he deserves; for he is the most graceless and ungrateful thing that crawls. The only just thing is, as he beautifully remarks, the earth—sow it with grain, it gives you grain again. The world itself he describes, in lines which Thackeray might have prefixed as a motto to *Vanity Fair*, as an assembly where men tarry for a while amid crowds, idlers, thieves, and gamblers; happy is he who gets him gone from it as soon as he can; if he lingers on to old age, he finds nothing but poverty, hatred, and contempt. An early death is the greatest boon Nature can bestow. Chance, he repeats over and over again, rules the world; human foresight is mere folly. Chance gave, and chance will take away; she is "a blind, lawless and cruel goddess;" she rules men's thoughts, words, and deeds.

O groan not, man, nor mourn excessively;
Chance gave thee wealth, a wife, and children too,
And what she gave, behold, she takes away;
There's nothing certain in man's destiny,
Nor ever will be.

The gods, he says, are always seeking our ruin :—

Whene'er thou seest anyone rais'd high,
Splendid with wealth and lofty lineage,
Then look you a swift Nemesis is near.

What a world of pathos is there in this couplet from the *Olynthian* :—

How hard it is, when happy Nature gives
A noble boon, that Fortune should destroy it.

Prayer is of no avail, for if a man could drag a god to perform his wishes, then would he be more powerful than the Deity himself. This gloomy fatalism was probably a concession to the conventional sentiments which a dramatic poet is bound more or less to reflect, and is to

be attributed not only to the peculiar character of the age in which Menander lived, and the society in which he moved, but to the influence of Euripides, who was by far the most popular poet in Greece. Since his death in B.C. 406, his maxims and paradoxes were on the lips of every man and every clever woman in Athens. On philosophy and ethics, so far at least as they interested the multitude, his influence was prodigious. His cynicism, his misogynism, his rationalism, his blasphemy and sordid views, operated on the society which surrounded Menander pretty much as the cant of Hobbism operated on the society which surrounded our own Charles II. ; and such views were unhappily too much in unison with the moral and political degradation of the age to be otherwise than acceptable. On the stage he was the dominant power. He had determined the course of the drama, and not only did the Middle and New Comedy spring directly from his theory of art, but he coloured the ethics of the drama in Greece for all time : it was not till the New Comedy passed into the hands of the Romans that it became purified from his tainting touch. The most offensive illustration of his influence on the Middle and New Comedy is to be found in its misogynism, and in its contempt for marriage and domestic life. The fragments of Menander are a store-house of invectives against that sex from which Homer had drawn his Arete, his Penelope, and his Nausichaa ; from which Sophocles had drawn his Antigone, his Tecmessa, and his Electra ; which had given Sappho and Corinna to poetry, Leontium to philosophy, and Aspasia to history. He can see nothing good in them, nothing but what is reprehensible and shameless. They are habitually untruthful : " To tell one truth's beyond a woman's power." They are all alike : " This woman and that woman are the same." " Live with a lion rather than a wife." They bring a house to certain ruin :—

That house wherein a woman holds the sway
Must go to certain ruin.

After the gloom and cynicism of the passages quoted above, the reader will not unnaturally wonder where we are to find that " cheerful-ness " and " nobleness " which Goethe noted as so eminently characteristic of this poet. The answer is not far to seek, though it does not lie on the surface. Menander is cheerful because, in his views of life, he is as a rule temperate, honest, and impartial. He takes things exactly as he finds them ; he draws no bills on Hope for experience to dishonour ; he bases his theories not on delusions but on realities. He may libel women—it was his only concession to the cant of the day ; he may sigh with too complacent cynicism over the vanity of the world and the hollowness of men ; but in his better moments he teaches us, like Horace and Montaigne, to realise soberly and cheerfully the relative position in which Man and Fortune stand to each other ; in accepting happiness, to remember that sorrow also is our portion ; that good and evil are inextricably interwoven ; that nothing is permanent ; that vice may pass into

virtue ; that virtue too often trembles on the confines of vice ; that Pain, and Calamity, and Death are the skeletons of Life's Feast ; but that for all that, there is no reason why the garlands should not be bright, the guests merry, and the cup pass freely round.

Thou art a man, so never ask from Heaven
Freedom from ills, but resignation ;
For if thou wishest to pass all thy days
Without grief's shadow, then thou wishest, friend,
To be a god, or cold within thy grave.

Thou wilt find much to cross thee everywhere ;
But where the good preponderates, thither look.

O, ever chase vexation from thy life,
For life is short.

Time heals the wounds which Fate inflicts, and Time
Will be thy healer too.

Things of themselves do work their way to good,
E'en though thou sleepest ; and to evil too.

Good grows not like a tree from one sole root,
But evil grows up side by side with good ;
And out of evil Nature brings us good.

There is often a large wisdom—a peculiar catholicity of sentiment—in Menander, which borders very closely on those sublime truths which it was the province of Christianity to develope and reveal. The following passage, for instance, reads like a paragraph from the New Testament ; we give it in a literal prose version :—" If any man, O Pamphilus, thinks that he makes God well-pleased by sacrificing a multitude of oxen, or goats, or any other victims of the like kind, or by robing his images with coverlets of gold or of purple, or decking them out with ivory or emeralds—he errs, and his imaginations are vain. He ought rather to be good himself, seducing no maid, abstaining from adultery, and theft, and murder for greed's sake ; nay, he ought not, Pamphilus, to covet so much as another's needle, for God is ever near and His eye is upon him." How many a mother, bending in agony over the young life laid low, has found consolation in that line in the *Double Deceiver*—so human in its unutterable tenderness, so divine in its triumphant assertion over Fate—" Whom the gods love die young !"

Nearly three centuries before Christianity dawned on men, or Saint Paul was born, this Greek poet wrote—" In our own breast we have a god—our conscience." " The all-seeing eye of Justice is o'er all." " God ever listens to the just man's prayer." " Think all the sorrows of your friends your own." " 'Tis not to live to live for self alone." " The man who hath no knowledge hath no sin." " Whenever you do what is holy, be of good cheer, knowing this, that God himself takes part with righteous courage." " Revere, and be not curious about God." " Reverence is the truest sacrifice." There are many passages in which he dwells on the worthlessness of religious forms when severed from the

vital element of a religious spirit. We give the following, quoted by Justin from the *Charioteer*, in the vigorous version of Cumberland. It is apparently addressed to some mendicant who was carrying about an image of Cybele, to beg the customary alms. "I have no relish for such deities as stroll about with an old beggar-woman from door to door, nor for that painted cloth you have the impudence to thrust into my presence; let me tell you, woman, if your Mother of the Gods were good for anything, she would keep to her own station, and take charge of none but those who merit her protection by their piety and devotion." There is all through these fragments a tendency to rationalise religion, and to point out the follies of superstition. Sometimes he gives a very sarcastic and humorous turn to his remarks on that topic: as, "What fills my stomach, that I hold my God." Or, again:—

Air, water, earth and sun, and fire and stars,
These, says our Epicharmus, are our gods;
But I do think the only useful gods
Are gold and silver. Set these up within
Your household, and they'll give you all you ask—
Fields, houses, lacqueys, silver plate and friends,
Judges and witnesses. Bribe—only bribe!
The gods themselves are your most humble servants.

To the religion of the heart he is, however, as loyal as the holy Sophocles himself. But to turn to his ethical teaching. A wide experience of practical life had taught him two great lessons, which few indeed of his countrymen have either grasped, inculcated, or practised—the value of honesty and truth in dealing with our fellow-creatures.

The gain that comes from villany is but
The earnest-money of calamity,

is a lesson he often preaches; and so also,

'Tis ever the best course to speak the truth
At every turn.

But it is in his views of social equality—in his generous philanthropy, which extended to that wretched class who were below even the cognisance of Socrates—that we see the nobleness attributed to him by Goethe:—

The slave that is a slave and nothing more
Will be a villain. Let him share free speech,
And this will rank him with the best of men.

In one line he has summed up that grand truth to which Burns and Tennyson have given the most eloquent modern expression—

No noble man can be ignobly born.

The following passage is evidently part of a dialogue between some birth-proud mother and her son; the son speaks:—

A fine birth will be my death. O, talk no more
About my ancestors, for those who have

By nature nothing noble in themselves
 Betake them to the tombs, and reckon up
 Their lineage and their grandsires. Every man
 Must have a grandsire, for how else could he
 Have seen the light at all? But if he cannot,
 Either through change of place or dearth of friends,
 Tell who his grandsire was, is he less noble
 Than he who can? No, mother; he's the nobleman—
 Were he some common Æthiopian slave—
 Who is by nature noble.

Very wise, too, are his views about riches, and the true use of them. "The rich heart" is what man wants. "Abject poverty is the worst of ills," but riches are the "veils of care," make no man sleep the sounder, and the poor are sent to us by the gods to put our humanity to the test, though the gods take care really to look after them. There is a fine passage in the *Churl*, where a son is lecturing a miserly father. We give it in Cumberland's version, though how poor in comparison with the noble original:—

Weak is the vanity that boasts of riches,
 For they are fleeting things; were they not such—
 Could they be yours to all succeeding time—
 'Twere wise to let none share in the possession.
 But if whate'er you have is held of Fortune
 And not of right inherent, why, my father,
 Why with such niggard jealousy engross
 What the next hour may ravish from your grasp,
 And cast into some worthless favourite's lap?
 Snatch, then, the swift occasion while 'tis yours,
 Put this unstable boon to noble uses,
 Foster the wants of men, impart your wealth
 And purchase friends; 'twill be your lasting treasure,
 And when misfortune comes your best resource.

He has many fine remarks about friendship, about speaking the truth, about moral obligations, and about obedience to parents. "Revere God first, and after Him thy parents;" and again, in a passage which recalls the command and promise of the Decalogue, "If you honour your parents, you may expect to do well in the world."

Here we must pause, and would that our versions could have done our original more justice. We still nurse the hope—it has been for more than four centuries a hope constantly disappointed but as constantly renewed—that some happy chance may yet put us in possession of the prize for which Goethe and Schelegel sighed, which many illustrious scholars have wasted precious time in seeking, for which Hertelius would have "given a year of his life"—a Comedy of Menander in perfect preservation. Meanwhile we can only console ourselves with what we have, and say with the old woman in *Phædrus*—

O suavis anima! qualem te dicam bonum
 Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ.

J. C. C.

Two Impostors of the Eighteenth Century.

CREDULITY is a phenomenon of persistent recurrence in the history of mankind, but its manifestations, on a large scale, vary from age to age, according to the differing character of its chief factors, ignorance and curiosity. Ignorance, pure and simple, of Nature and men, of life and books, is usually coupled with a restless inquisitiveness and insatiable thirst for news regardless of its quality. The credulity bred of this union becomes the prey of gross and vulgar frauds addressed to any prevailing disposition or current prejudice of the time. Learned ignorance, *i.e.*, the lack of any knowledge of the world and its pursuits with the exception of one absorbing object of study, is commonly united with a curiosity, the restricted scope of which only renders it the more morbidly active. Credulity is as common among experts as the world at large, but the frauds which victimise them must be contrived with special skill, so as to appeal to their ruling passion and arouse their enthusiasm, without appearing to offend the conditions of which their experience qualifies them to judge. The several characteristics here referred to may be illustrated by two remarkable cases, one of which occurred at the outset and the other at the close of the eighteenth century.

In 1704 Anne has been on the throne two years. The Tories are in the secure possession of power and office, and fresh lustre has just been conferred upon their administration and the national arms by the victory of Blenheim and the capture of Gibraltar. The atmosphere is stormy with theological controversy, but the strength and popularity of the Established Church have been demonstrated beyond doubt in the recent debates upon the Bill of Conformity, and Nonconformists, Nonjurors, and Catholics alike must hide their diminished heads. The pleasure-seeking, gossip-loving society of London is in full career of its pursuit after every species of novelty and excitement. The gaming-tables at White's and other chocolate and coffee-houses, the public lotteries and the political clubs are unfailing sources of attraction. Duncan Campbell, the deaf and dumb fortune-teller, holds daily receptions at which persons of the highest rank seek his oracular counsel upon doubtful cases of love, intrigue, or speculation. The wits at Will's are discussing the merits of Addison's *Campaign*, and enjoying the caustic satire of the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Battle of the Books*, by which Swift has just leapt into fame. The latest works of Congreve and Wycherley draw crowded audiences to the leading theatres; and rumours are afloat

respecting a project for performing an *intermezzo* of Italian Music at York Buildings. These competing claimants for the town's favour are all at once set aside by the arrival of a new lion, who absorbs public curiosity by the romantic interest of his character and adventures. He is a young, "middle-sized, well-shaped" man of fair complexion, giving the name of George Psalmanazar, a converted savage from the tropics, who still retains a preference for his old diet of roots and raw meat, but in all other respects conforms to the usages of civilised society. He has come to England at the invitation of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, to whom he has been recommended by the Rev. Mr. Innes, chaplain of a Scotch regiment in the Dutch service. These are his preliminary credentials. His account of himself is as follows :—

He was born of a noble family in the island of Formosa, situate, as all the world knows, in the Pacific, off the coast of China. At an early age he was placed by his father under the tuition of a learned man who passed for a Japanese then on a visit to the island, from whom he acquired not only the ordinary instruction of a Formosan youth in the national creed and literature, but a thorough knowledge of Latin. This teaching was enlivened by glowing narrations of the wonders of Europe which inflamed his young imagination, and when his tutor suddenly declared an intention of undertaking a journey thither, Psalmanazar entreated permission to accompany him. The tutor assented with much apparent reluctance, but enjoined the youth to keep the matter a secret from his father, some of whose money it would be necessary to borrow for the expenses of the journey. The fugitives made good their way to the coast and embarked for one of the Philippine islands, whence they sailed to Goa ; thence by Gibraltar to Toulon, and finally reached Avignon. Here, at the Jesuits' College, the pretended Japanese announced himself to his astonished pupil as Father de Rode, a missionary brother of the Order, who had assumed the disguise in which he visited Formosa (from which all Christians were legally excluded) with the pious design of saving one heathen soul. All the learning and skill of the Father and his brethren was then employed to bring about the youth's conversion ; but without success. His mother-wit, sharpened by education, enabled him to detect the fallacy of the arguments which maintained Jesuitical Christianity to be a more reasonable creed than Formosan paganism. The baffled doctors having threatened him with the Inquisition, Psalmanazar managed to escape from Avignon. After leading a vagrant life for some months, he was pressed into the service of the Elector of Cologne. At Sluys, whither his regiment marched, two Protestant chaplains endeavoured to convert him, the one to Lutheranism, the other to Calvinism, but the weapons of consubstantiation and predestination proved powerless against the shield of his heathen incredulity. Mr. Innes, the chaplain of Brigadier Lauder, governor of the town, then entered the lists as champion of the Church of England. A brief exposition of its tenets sufficed to convince Psalmanazar of their truth, and he became, to

use his own language, a willing proselyte to "a religion that was not embarrassed with any of those absurdities which are maintained by the various sects in Christendom." He was at once baptised, the Brigadier standing his sponsor, and obtained his discharge from the army. The news of so remarkable a conversion was communicated by Mr. Innes to the Bishop of London, who invited him and Psalmanazar over to England.

This interesting narrative of savage innocence, Jesuit cunning, and Anglican skill takes the heart of London by storm, and disarms the animosities of all parties by its appeal to common sympathies. The Tories, headed by the clergy, are delighted at such a signal demonstration of the superior claims of Anglicanism to any other form of Christianity, and the Whigs to find their suspicions of Jesuitry so strongly confirmed. The fashionable world is enraptured with the acquisition of a visitor so absolutely fresh, a young man of noble birth, uncommon ability, good looks, and fair breeding, a Christian who was once by his own confession a cannibal. The wits and philosophers are curious respecting the manners and customs of the Formosans, their language and religion, upon all which subjects he affords ample information. He is petted and fêted accordingly in the highest circles, dining now with "my Lord Pembroke," now with "my Lady Powis;" is invited to Sion House and the Royal Society, and at the residence of its secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir Hans) Sloane, meets his Excellency Baron Spannheim, the Prussian Envoy. A few detractors of his merits are of course to be found, but jealousies invariably attend upon a successful career, and all objections to the credibility of his story will soon be set at rest by the appearance of the historical work upon which he is known to be engaged. This volume is published in the course of the same year, a translation from the author's Latin, hastily made at the urgent request of the booksellers who are eager to gratify the public appetite. It bears the following title: "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, an island subject to the Emperor of Japan, giving an account of the religion, customs, manners, &c., of the inhabitants; together with a relation of what happened to the author in his travels, particularly his conferences with the Jesuits and others in several parts of Europe. Also the history and reasons of his conversion to Christianity, with his objections against it in defence of Paganism, and their answers, &c. To which is prefixed a preface in vindication of himself from the reflections of a Jesuit lately come from China, with an account of what passed between them." By George Psalmanazar, a native of the said island, now in London. Illustrated with several cuts."

After a grateful dedication to the Bishop of London, the author commences a long preface by charging the Dutch historian Candidius, and all other writers upon Formosa, with gross ignorance or glaring falsehood, which it is the object of his work to expose. He proceeds to describe his contest with Father Fountenay, a Jesuit missionary newly

arrived from China, whose effrontery in challenging certain of his statements at a meeting of the Royal Society he chastised as it deserved; and concludes the preface with a fervent thanksgiving to God for the blessings of his conversion. The first hundred and fifty pages of the work are occupied with a narrative of the author's adventures, the substance of which we have already given, and a copious profession of his faith in Anglican Christianity. A description of Formosa follows. We learn that the capital error of its previous historians is their concurrent assertion that the sovereignty of the island is vested in the Emperor of China. To vindicate the dignity of his nation and establish the truth of history upon a firm basis, Psalmanazar epitomises the annals of the kingdom for the last two hundred and fifty years, to show how, after the long reign of a native dynasty, one Meryaandano, a Chinese fugitive, by divers intrigues usurped the throne of Japan and subsequently that of Formosa. That there may be no doubt as to the correctness of this information, the letter which Meryaandano addressed to the native monarch whom he eventually deposed, whereby he obtained admission into the island, is set out *verbatim*.

We are then informed touching the civil and religious government of the country. Under the latter head the author recounts the historical foundation of the polytheism by law established. The sacrifice of boys' hearts to the number of 18,000 *per annum* is its leading rite. Plans of the chief temple and its altars are given in illustration. We have next a description of the great religious festivals and the ceremonies observed at birth, marriage, and death. The national belief respecting a future state is based upon the transmigration of souls, males having the preference of choice. The soul of a woman, it is held, "cannot attain eternal rest until it has informed the body of a man. Some indeed think that if it animate the body of a male beast, it is sufficient to attain as great happiness as it is capable of."

A minute account of the Formosan priesthood is followed by details respecting the manners and customs of the people, with numerous illustrations. The upper classes, of which the author is a member, are as fair-skinned as Europeans, owing to their practice of living during the hot season either in caverns underground, among dense groves which exclude the sun, or in tents kept cool by perpetual sprinkling with water. Their dress, to judge from the illustrations, is partially European in fashion, although from the description of some of its materials, such as tiger, leopard, and bear skins, it would seem scarcely suited to a tropical climate. The pictures of the chief cities and buildings prove the national architecture to be a novel amalgamation of the classical and Chinese styles. Under the head of diet we are informed of a remarkable peculiarity in the organisation of the Formosan *reptilia*. The islanders are wont to beat live serpents "with rods until they be very angry and when they are in this furious passion all the venom that was in the body ascends to the head, which, being then cut off, there remains no more

poison in the body, which may therefore be safely eaten." Thus, says the author on the subject of meals, "all who can live without working eat their breakfasts about seven of the clock in the morning; first they smoke a pipe of tobacco, then they drink bohea, green, or sage tea; afterwards they cut off the head of a viper and suck the blood out of the body. This, in my humble opinion, is the most wholesome breakfast a man can make." Flesh is usually eaten raw by the Formosans. Though not habitual cannibals, they eat the bodies of their enemies taken in war and also of "malefactors legally executed. The flesh of the latter is our greatest dainty and is four times dearer than other rare and delicious food." Under special circumstances, moreover, a Formosan husband, whose wife has offended him, soothes his injured feelings by resorting to cannibalism. Having first sent for his wife's father and other members of her family, "sometimes with fiery indignation he strikes her into the breast with a dagger, and sometimes to show his resentment he will take her heart out hastily and eat it before her relations."

Of natural curiosities in the island, perhaps the most extraordinary is the suspension of the law of gravitation in the case of a tree called Charpok, which differs from all other trees in "that whereas their fruit hangs downward, the fruit of this stands *upright*." In his concluding chapter, which treats of the Formosan language, the author dwells at some length upon its alphabet and grammatical structure, and adds specimens of the written character which are to be read from right to left. Though not stated to be cognate to any other language, the presence of Greek roots is noticeable; for example, in the words *gnosophes* (priests), *koriam* (lord), *kay* (and), &c. On this point, however, the author does not comment, although mentioning the curious fact that Greek is generally taught in the public academies.

The first edition of the work was rapidly sold, and a second called for in the following year. In the interval Psalmanazar was sent to Oxford by the Bishop of London and other patrons, in order to complete his education and prepare himself for returning as a missionary to the island. Some account of an interview with him at this period has been left by a contemporary.* Being questioned respecting the average duration of life in Formosa, he stated it to range from 100 to 120, a longevity which he ascribed to the national practice of sucking warm viper's blood in the morning. A lady of the party expressing horror at its being the custom of Formosan husbands to cut off the heads of their unfaithful wives, he protested that he could not even now consider it a sin, but admitted smilingly that it was certainly "unmannerly." He did not remain long at Oxford, being called to London that he might superintend the issue of his second edition. The preface and several passages of the text testify to the growth of a formidable crop of objections to the truth

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxxv. p. 78.

of his narrative since the first edition appeared. Of these the author deals with twenty-five, some of which would perplex a skilled casuist; but with charming agility he manages either to evade or leap over every difficulty. His statement, for example, that 18,000 boys' hearts were annually sacrificed, has been questioned on the ground that such a practice would long since have depopulated the island; but he explains that he only referred to this number as legally required by the priests. Bribery, prompted by parental affection, no doubt tended greatly to diminish it. Does anyone question his ability to remember the precise words of the letter written by Meryaandano? The answer is simple and sufficient: "My father has a copy of the letter by him."

The preface briefly alludes to a recent conversation which the author had with "Captain Halley, Savilian Professor of the Mathematics, Oxford, and some other gentlemen," touching the sun's position at mid-day and the duration of twilight in Formosa, all their inquiries upon which subjects he declares were satisfactorily answered. On turning to the chapter that treats of "the situation, &c., of the isle," we find a passage not contained in the first edition wherein the sun's verticality at midsummer is curtly mentioned. To unenlightened readers these passages might seem commonplace announcements. "*Rem acu tetigisti!*" cried those in the secret. The eminent astronomer and his learned companions, Drs. Mead and Woodward, gave their own version of the conversation referred to. When they questioned him respecting the sun's position and the length of twilight, he was utterly dumbfounded. In anyone less remarkable for exact observation and retentive memory, a lapse on such points might not excite suspicion; in Psalmanazar's case the *savans*, coupling it with the other incredibilities of his story, can arrive at but one conclusion—that he is an impudent impostor.

Slowly and reluctantly the public mind was brought to acquiesce in this view. For a considerable time the adventurer braved exposure, and retained a congregation of believers. Some influential patrons procured him private tutorships, a regimental clerkship, and other appointments, but he failed to keep them. His next stroke of imposture was to lend his name to the advertisements of one Pattenden, the inventor of a "white Japan enamel," which the public was requested to believe had been prepared from a Formosan recipe. The public, however, either questioned the statement, or whether, if true, the enamel was recommended by its origin—at any rate declined to purchase it. He maintained his assumed character nevertheless for some years longer, and so late as 1716 found a sufficient number of subscribers to make up an annuity of 20*l.* or 30*l.* for him as a "convert." He eventually underwent what appears to have been a genuine conversion, abandoned his career of imposture, and set about obtaining an honest livelihood. Few rogues have ended their days so creditably. Through the aid of a kindly publisher he procured employment as a literary drudge, and for half a century worked upon the *Universal History* and other meritorious but

now obsolete productions. He long outlived his infamy, and the world—if it heard his name at all—knew it only as that of a learned, assiduous, inoffensive man of letters. Dr. Johnson delighted in his society, and has recorded him with affectionate praise as one of the best men he had ever known. He died in 1763, leaving directions that his MS. autobiography should be published for the benefit of his executrix, an old woman in whose house he had long lodged. This singular narrative, published in the following year, contains a full confession of what the writer calls “the base and shameful imposture of passing upon the world for a native of Formosa and a convert to Christianity, and backing it with a fictitious account of that island and of my own travels, conversion, &c., all or most of it hatched in my own brain without regard to truth or honesty.”

While maintaining reserve as to his real name, parentage, and place of birth, he confesses that “out of Europe I was not born, nor educated, nor ever travelled.” He received his early training under the Jesuits in the south of France, to whom he was indebted for his proficiency in Latin and the acquaintance which he displayed with the current questions of theological polemics. Preferring a vagabond life in France and Germany to any settled occupation, but finding it difficult to subsist, he assumed the disguise of a Japanese convert for the purpose of exciting sympathy. Failing in this attempt, he adopted the rôle of a heathen fugitive, and invented the outlines of the imposture which he subsequently elaborated in his *Account of Formosa*. Having been pressed into the service of the Elector of Cologne, and accompanying his regiment to Sluys, he there fell in with Innes, who undertook to convert him to Christianity. During the colloquies that ensued, the chaplain discovered and taxed him with the imposture; but, instead of disclosing it, proposed to become his accomplice. A scheme which should be mutually advantageous was then matured between them. Innes saw the opportunity which offered of securing a reputation for professional zeal and a prospect of preferment, while Psalmanazar was ambitious of obtaining his discharge from the army and figuring as a lion in London society. Having gone through the farce of “converting” his confederate, Innes found a dupe in Brigadier Lauder, who consented to stand as sponsor at the baptism. The story was then communicated to the Bishop of London, who unhesitatingly received it for gospel, and gave the chaplain and his proselyte the desired invitation to England. Soon after their arrival, a lucrative regimental chaplaincy in Portugal became vacant, and was placed at the disposal of Innes, who left Psalmanazar to carry on the fraud alone, which he proceeded to do in the manner already told.

There can be no doubt that one or both of these astute knaves had formed a shrewd estimate of the character of the society which they undertook to delude. The inception of the scheme was due to Psalmanazar, but Innes must be credited with the idea of executing it in England, and cloaking it in the attractive garb of religion. In the ex-

cited state of the public mind upon that subject, no bait could be better timed than a fiction which aggravated the Protestant hatred of Jesuitical craft and exalted the *via media* of Anglicanism above all the rest of the Reformed Churches. That the religious world of England had recently begun to feel interested in missions to the heathen, was another fact which the chaplain with his professional training was not likely to overlook. The historical details of the fraud were concocted by Psalmanazar alone, after he had resided for some months in England, and enjoyed ample opportunities of observation. The systematic shape in which they appear in his work may thus be regarded as embodying his deliberate calculation of the extent to which the public appetite for marvels would bear cramming. No society, perhaps, ever afforded a better subject for experiment than that in which he found himself. The faithful mirror of the time which Steele and Addison held up for it in the *Spectator*, has reflected one feature of its likeness as especially prominent. Athens, Rome, and Paris, in their most frivolous days, cannot have displayed a more feverish eagerness "to tell and to hear some new thing," than possessed the London of Anne. In one paper, marked by his favourite vein of quiet satire, Addison ridicules "the general thirst after news" which could not be sated without some daily draught, however vapid or stale. "It is notorious," he says, "that men who frequent coffee-houses and delight in news are pleased with everything that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory or a defeat is equally agreeable to them; the shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. . . . They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news, and are as pleased to hear of a piebald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington as of a whole troop that has been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for everything that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite but no taste." The writer in whose mouth he puts these observations is represented as a "projector who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen," and accordingly proposes to start "a daily paper which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet that lie within ten miles of London."* In another paper Addison illustrates the avidity with which the quidnuncs of the day seized upon any material for gossip, however untrustworthy, by recounting how he tracked from coffee-house to coffee-house the passage of a casual report that the King of France was dead, and how the serious discussions to which it gave rise suddenly collapsed upon the arrival of another report that His Majesty had just taken an airing.†

The advantage which charlatans took of this disposition in the public mind to accept any statement for truth is the subject of other

* *Spectator*, No. 462.

† *Id.* No. 625.

papers from the pen of Steele. Of Duncan Campbell, the deaf and dumb fortune-teller, already named, he says "that the blind Tiresias was not more famous in Greece than this dumb artist has been for some years last past in the cities of London and Westminster." * All classes of society showed an equal readiness to take pretenders at their own valuation, and a robustness of faith that was staggered by no demonstration of their falsehood. "There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack doctors who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all that pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers. Yet such is the credulity of the vulgar and the impudence of these professors that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day." After quoting one of these advertisements from a "professed surgeon, lately come from his travels, after twenty-four years' practice by sea and land," who affects to cure "all diseases incident to men women and children," Steele proceeds—"There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar, in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, doat excessively this way, many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumerating them." Among the impostors who profitably traded upon this footing, he names "a doctor, in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the Emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows the muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majesty's troops, and he puts out their eyes with great success." †

It was on the symptoms of this epidemic *phrenitis*, while yet in an early stage, that Psalmanazar reckoned for success. Having already secured the suffrages of the religious world, he proceeded to draw the majority of his dupes from the class to which Steele refers as "ignorant people of quality." The Sir Plumes and Dapperwits, who passed their lives in retailing club and coffee-house gossip, required no better evidence of his savage origin than that he ate roots and raw meat, and told monstrous stories of cannibal atrocity and repulsive modes of life. The fine ladies to whom these marvels were repeated were well disposed to a visitor who described a state of existence so unlike their own. An affected love of simplicity is a familiar characteristic of the most artificial societies, and there are always to be found "Mrs. Merdles," who, though forced to live in the fashionable world, "are pastoral to a degree by nature, and would have been charmed to be savages in the tropical seas." Psalmanazar had wit to discern the prevalence of a tendency which had already given rise to "Arcadian" verse, and was about to develope the "Dresden-Shepherd period" of art, and played his game accordingly. His invention of a barbarous alphabet and grammar was plausible enough

* *Spectator*, No. 474.

† *Ib.* No. 444.

to mystify even men of culture, acquainted only with the classical languages of Europe, and ignorant of the rudiments of comparative philology. Literary critics were equally baffled by the ingenuity with which, while pretending to rectify the mis-statements of previous historians, he pieced together so much of their information as sufficed, with additions of his own, to compose an independent narrative. It was not until the light of a positive science had been brought to bear upon his fabrication that its true character was detected.

Early in 1795, Mr. Samuel Ireland, well known in the literary world of London as a collector of rare books and prints, and the author of several contributions to *belles lettres*, publicly announced that he had come into possession of a large number of MSS. in the handwriting of Shakespeare, the authenticity of which he was desirous of submitting to the opinion of all competent judges. His latest illustrated work had been devoted to the scenery of the Warwickshire Avon, which he had explored with the particular object of gleaning any unknown memorials relating to the poet, of whose genius and fame he was a fervently avowed worshipper; so that this momentous discovery appealed to the sympathy of all likeminded enthusiasts as the legitimate reward of much pious labour. His invitation to inspect the MSS. was accepted by a large concourse of the brotherhood, including several men of high literary distinction. Few living scholars were more erudite than Dr. Parr, Dr. Valpy, and Dr. Joseph Warton. George Chalmers and John Pinkerton were experts, specially skilled in old English literature. The professional antiquaries were well represented by Sir Isaac Heard, Garter-King-at-Arms, and Francis Townshend, Windsor Herald; and miscellaneous men of letters by R. B. Sheridan, Sir Herbert Croft, H. J. Pye, the Poet Laureate, and James Boswell. After carefully collating the principal MSS. with the poet's undoubted autographs, these critics expressed a firm conviction of their authenticity, and a certificate to that effect was numerously signed. A collection of rarer literary and biographical value was certainly never offered to the world. It comprised the entire MS. of *Lear*, varying in some important respects from the printed copies; a fragment of *Hamlet*; two unpublished plays, entitled, *Vortigern* and *Henry the Second*; a number of books from the poet's library, enriched with copious marginal notes; besides letters to Anne Hathaway, Lord Southampton, and others; a *Profession of Faith*, legal contracts, deeds of gift, and autograph receipts. The external evidence for the authenticity of these precious remains was pronounced by the attesting critics to be strikingly confirmed by their internal evidence. The inimitable style of the master was to be clearly discerned in the unpublished writings. After hearing the *Profession of Faith* read, Warton exclaimed, "We have very fine things in our Church Service, and our Litany abounds with beauties; but here is a man who has distanced us all!" Boswell, before signing the certificate of authenticity fell upon his knees to kiss "the invaluable relics of our bard," and, "in

a tone of enthusiasm and exultation, thanked God that he had lived to witness the discovery, and . . . could now die in peace." The public interest excited by the discovery was so great that Mr. Ireland's house in Norfolk Street was besieged by visitors, and he had to limit their number by orders and the days of admission to three in the week. The publication of the MSS. by subscription was soon announced, and the first volume was issued in 1796 at the price of four guineas, under the editorship of Mr. Ireland. The list of subscribers for this handsome folio included many persons of celebrity, besides those already named, and the committees of several public libraries.

In an ornate preface the editor, describing the instalment as "part of that valuable treasure of our Shakespeare, which having been by accident discovered in MS., has since been deposited in his hands," assures the public that from the "first moment of their discovery he has laboured by every means to inform himself with respect to the validity of these interesting papers;" that "he has courted, he has even challenged the critical judgment of those who are best skilled in the poetry or phraseology of the times in which Shakespeare lived, as well as those whose profession or course of study has made them conversant with ancient deeds, writings, seals, and autographs;" that, not content with having them tested by "the scholar, the man of taste, the antiquarian, and the herald," he has submitted them to the "practical experience of the paper-maker," and, as the result of these investigations, has "the satisfaction of announcing to the public that, as far as he has been able to collect the sentiments of the several classes of persons above referred to, they have unanimously testified in favour of their authenticity, and declared that where there was such a mass of evidence, internal and external, it was impossible, amidst such various sources of detection, for the art of imitation to have hazarded so much without betraying itself, and consequently that these papers can be no other than the *production of Shakespeare himself*." Respecting the source whence they were obtained, some little reserve was unavoidably necessary. The editor "received them from his son, Samuel William Henry Ireland, a young man then under nineteen years of age, by whom the discovery was accidentally made at the house of a gentleman of considerable property." The contracts to which Shakespeare was a party were "first found among a mass of family papers, and soon afterwards the deed of gift to William Henry Ireland, described as Shakespeare's friend, in consequence of having saved his life from drowning in the Thames." The owner of the papers was struck by the coincidence that they should be discovered by a namesake of this person, who bore the same arms, and when further searches disclosed the existence of some title-deeds which established his right to a valuable estate, he generously rewarded the young antiquary's services by a present of all the Shakespearian MSS. that could be found at either of his houses in town or country. The most precious portions of the collection were brought to light at the latter.

Permission to publish them had been given by the owner, but with the express stipulation that his name should not appear. His reasons for withholding it the editor did not feel justified in asking, nor would he importune him "to subject himself to the impertinence and licentiousness of literary curiosity and cavil, unless he should himself voluntarily come forward." The supposition that a disclosure of the name was requisite to remove any doubts respecting the authenticity of the MSS. would be scouted by "the real critic or antiquarian" as an insult to his "art or science." "So superior and transcendent is the genius of Shakespeare that scarce any attempts to rival or imitate him, and those too contemptible to notice, have ever been made." The style would speak for itself. "To the man of taste and lover of simplicity, to the sound critic . . . it will be apparent, upon collating the printed copies of *Learn* with the MS. now discovered, that the alterations in the former were introduced by the players, and are deviations from that spontaneous flow of soul and simple diction which so eminently distinguish this Great Author of Nature." Parallel passages from the MS. and the quarto of 1608 are adduced for comparison. In Act II. scene 2, the speech of Goneril's steward is thus given in the quarto:—

Tript me behinde, being down, insulted, raild,
And put upon him such a deal of man
That worthied him, got praises of the King
For him attempting who was self-subdued,
And in the flechment of this dread exploit
Drew on mee heere againe;

where the MS. reads:—

Tript mee behynde beyng downe insultede raylde,
And putte onne hymme soe much o the manne
That worthydde hymme and gotte hymme prayes o the Kinge
And forre the attempte of thys his softe subdued exployte
Drew onne mee heere agayne.

In like manner the phrase "presented nakedness" in the quarto has been corrupted from "Adam-lyke nakednesse" in the MS. The poet's own opinion of these variations between the original and the printed text of his plays is plainly declared in a deed of trust to John Hemynge, which forms part of the present collection: "Sho^d they bee ever agayne imprintedd, I doe orderr thatt theye bee soe donn from these mye true writtenn playes, ande nott from those nowe prynted."

The preface concludes with a glowing announcement of the yet unpublished manuscripts, including the "play of Vortigern, now preparing for representation at Drury Lane." Facsimiles are then given of the acknowledged autographs of Shakespeare for comparison with the signatures attached to the following documents. Passing over such as are of a formal character, we will select extracts from those which illustrate the personal *indicia* of style relied upon by the editor and his fellow experts as the crucial evidence of authenticity. The first shall be from

a letter addressed by the poet to "Anna Hatherrewaye," enclosing a braided lock of his hair :—

I praye you perfume thys mye poore locke with thye balmye kysses, forre thenne indeede shalle Kynges themmeselves bowe and paye homage toe itte. I doe assure thee no rude hande hath knottedde itte—thye Willye alone hath done the worke. Neytherre the gyldedde bawle thatte envzronnes the heade of Majestye noe norre honoures moste weyghtye woulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thysse mye lyttle worke forre thee. The feelinge thatte dydde nearest approche untoe itte was thatte whiche commeth nyghest unto God, meeke and gentle charytye, forre thatte virrute O Anna doe I love, doe I cheryshe thee inne mye hearte, forre thou arte ass a talle cedarre stretchynge forthe its branches, and succourynge the smalle plants fromme nyppynge winneterre or the boysterousse wyndes. Farewelle, toe-morrowe bye tymes I wille see thee, till theenue Adewe sweet love,

Thine everre,
William Shakespeare.

We have next a copy of verses to the same lady, of which the following is a specimen :—

Though Age with witherd hand doe stryke
The forme moste fayre, the face moste bryghte,
Stille dothe she leave unnetouchedde and trewe,
Thye Willye's love and freyndshyppe too.

A letter of acknowledgment to Lord Southampton for an act of bounty runs in this strain :—

Gratitude is alle I have toe offer, and that is tooe great and tooe sublyme a feelinge for poore mortales toe expresse. O my Lorde, itte is a budde which blossomes, blooms, butte never dyes ; itte cherishes sweets Nature, and lulls the calme breaste toe softe, softe repose

The *Profession of Faith*, which impressed Dr. Warton by its superiority to the English Church Service, concludes thus :—

O God! manne as I am, frayle bye nature, fulle offe synne, yette greate God receyve me toe thye bosomme, where all is sweete contente and happynesse, alle is blysse where discontente is neverre hearde, butte where onne bonde of freyndshyppe unytes alle menne. Forgive O Lorde alle our synnes, and withe thye grete goodnesse take usse alle toe thye breaste! O cherishe usse like the sweete chickenne thatte under the coverte offe herre spreadynge wings receyves herre lyttle broode and hoveyrnge overe themme, keeps themme harmlesse and in safetye.

Wm. Shakespeare.

Shakespearian students of our own day will require no further evidence to determine their judgment upon the question of authenticity, and may have a difficulty in believing that anyone of the smallest critical sagacity or training can have been for an instant deceived. Yet such mawkish stuff as this, unworthy of a "Laura Matilda's" brewing, was potent enough to inspire conviction, not only in experts so learned as Parr and Chalmers, but in a wit and dramatist so brilliant as Sheridan. He was eager to secure the unpublished play of *Vortigern* for Drury Lane, of which he was then lessee, and his interest prevailed over

that of Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who offered a *carte blanche* for the privilege of representation. Upon payment of 300*l.*, and an undertaking to divide the profits for sixty nights, the play was made over to him. Linley having composed music for the play, and prologues being written by the Laureate and Sir James Bland Burgess, it was announced for performance in the spring of 1796, with John and Charles Kemble, and Mrs. Jordan in the leading parts. On the appearance of the advertisements, Edmund Malone, the first Shakespearian critic of the day, who had already detected the spuriousness of the published manuscripts, and was engaged upon an elaborate analysis of them, warned the public by handbills to put no faith in *Vortigern*. As counter-bills were immediately issued by the Irelands, this only had the effect of stimulating curiosity upon the subject. John Kemble, however, who was equally persuaded of the imposture, though bound by his engagement with Sheridan to take the part assigned to him, used all his influence as stage manager to make the performance ridiculous. In the attempt to fix it for April Fool's Day he was overruled, but succeeded in selecting the farce of *My Grandmother* as an after-piece. To secure an adverse verdict from the public, he is said to have instructed a band of *claqueurs* to hiss at a given signal, but the charge of his having resorted to such unworthy tactics rests upon very doubtful authority.* The house was crowded, and the piece received a quiet hearing until the fifth act was reached, in the second scene of which a speech of Vortigern's contained the ominous line—

And when this solemn mockery is o'er.

This Kemble delivered with marked emphasis, and the clamour which followed showed that his shot had told. Having paused for a moment, he repeated the line in a tone of such sardonic scorn that no one in the house could mistake his meaning, and the rest of the piece was inaudible.

Though the author must be allowed some imitative ingenuity in modelling a few declamatory passages upon the diction of the Elizabethan dramatists, the impudence of his attempt to father his bantling on Shakespeare may be sufficiently estimated by an extract from one of the songs :—

She sang, while from her eye ran down
The silv'ry drop of sorrow;
From grief she stole away the crown,
Sweet patience too did borrow;
Pensive she sat while fortune frown'd
And smiling, woo'd sad melancholy.

Soon after the *fiasco* of *Vortigern*, Malone published his "Enquiry into the Authenticity" of the manuscripts. His exposure of their factitious archaism was fairly complete. Apart from the suspicion attaching

* W. H. Ireland's Preface to *Vortigern*, 1832.

to the unsupported narrative of their discovery and ownership, and any doubt as to the resemblance of the handwriting to Shakespeare's, the evidence of error in minute particulars of language, spelling, and date was so cumulative as to determine the question in the minds of all impartial judges. Many of the experts who had compromised their reputation, were now satisfied that they had been duped, but a few still clung to their belief, especially George Chalmers, who, in two bulky volumes of "Apology," marked by considerable research, attempted to refute Malone's arguments. Samuel Ireland also put forth an immediate reply to them, but rather by way of vindicating his character from the imputation of fraud, than of sustaining the credit of the papers. Any chance of his doing so with success was rendered hopeless by the simultaneous appearance of a pamphlet written by his son, William Henry Ireland, a young law-student, who avowed himself the sole author of the imposture. Induced in the first instance, according to his own account, by the sole motive of gratifying his father's ardent wish for Shakesperian relics, he had commenced by the forgery of a single autograph, and finding this succeed, was prompted partly by a mischievous desire to see "how far credulity would go in the search for antiquities," and partly by flattered vanity, to carry the deception further. When pressed by his father to disclose the source whence he obtained the manuscripts, he concocted a story that they belonged to a descendant of the actor Heminge, who had been a comrade of Shakespeare's, and acquired them as his trustee of certain bequests to an imaginary W. H. Ireland, which had never been fulfilled. The owner's readiness to part with his treasures to a namesake and presumed representative of the man whom his ancestor had defrauded, and his reluctance to let his own name be known, were thus plausibly explained.

This curious confession, in which the writer particularises the gradual process of his forgery, the places where the materials were procured, and the persons whom he entrusted with the secret, exculpates his father from any complicity in it, and pleads on the score of his youth for a lenient verdict from those whom he had duped. Notwithstanding this avowal, the elder Ireland remained, or affected to remain, incredulous of the forgery, and for two or three years afterwards kept up a paper warfare in its defence; vindicating his own honour at the same time by discarding his son. The latter, thrown upon his wits for a livelihood, and bitterly complaining of the persecution which he underwent for an act of youthful folly, maintained himself more or less creditably by literature, until his death in 1835. He repeated his former narrative with some further details in a volume of *Confessions* published in 1805, and adhered to it in the preface to a reprint of *Vortigern*, in 1832; but is said to have made a last confession shortly before his death, in which he recanted all that he had said before as "a tissue of lies," invented for the sole purpose of gaining money.

If this final version may be trusted, it was his father who originated

the forgery, and systematically employed him and his sisters in elaborating it. Other evidence has been adduced to show that the elder Ireland was not wholly incapable of the part imputed to him, but how much credit can be given to the testimony of a thrice-convicted liar against a deceased accomplice, and what may be their respective shares of criminality, it would scarcely be profitable to enquire.*

It will be more instructive to consider how a fact so unique in the annals of literature as the duping of several eminent experts at once, and under circumstances singularly favourable to the detection of fraud, may be reasonably explained. We shall hardly err in ascribing the forger's success, in great measure, to the opportuneness of the occasion which he selected. The indifference with which Shakespeare's genius had been regarded by his greatest countrymen since the death of Milton, was exchanged during the eighteenth century for a suddenly awakened interest which grew with the study of his works, and quickly ripened into reverence. Warburton, Johnson, Farmer, Steevens, and Malone founded a school of careful Shakespearian criticism, and the vigorous, impassioned interpretation of the poet's great characters by the acting of Garrick and the Kembles inspired a widely-diffused appreciation of his dramatic art, which in the present condition of the stage it is difficult for us to realise. Veneration for his master was carried by Garrick himself to the point of idolatry. At his villa by the Thames at Hampton, he erected a memorial temple, in which he enshrined the poet's statue by Roubiliac, and to do him public honour organised the famous Birthday Festival, which was celebrated at Stratford in 1769, and raised subscriptions for the monumental effigy now in Westminster Abbey. The success which attended these efforts testified to the spread of Shakespearian enthusiasm among a large class. Towards the close of the century this reached its height. One or two of its effects were admirable, such as the design, on which Alderman Boydell spent a fortune, of illustrating the poet's finest creations by the best contemporary art; and the impulse which the study of Elizabethan literature gave to the dramatic genius of Coleridge, Landor, and Procter, and to the critical insight of Lamb and Hazlitt. But, like all such movements, when carried beyond the bounds of moderation, it became ridiculous. The quiet little Warwickshire town in which the poet was born and died became the goal of as many pilgrimages as a mediæval martyr's tomb, and the mulberry tree that had grown in his garden was manufactured into as many relics as "the true Cross." Picture galleries were diligently hunted over for any old portrait that might bear the faintest resemblance to his. Antiquaries

* See Willis's *Current Notes*, Dec. 1855, and Dr. Ingleby's *Shakespeare Fabrications*, App. i. 1859. Those who are curious on the subject may consult a paper recently (March 27th, 1878) read before the Royal Society of Literature, by Dr. Ingleby, in which, after reviewing by the light of fresh evidence the conclusion to which he had formerly come, that the imposture was concocted between the father and son, he reverts to the generally accepted view that the latter was alone responsible for it.

made it the business of their lives to collect with scrupulous care every scrap of fact connected with his pedigree and family history. Literature of the poorest quality was ransacked for contemporary verdicts upon his works, or allusions, however remote, to his theatrical career and the biographies of his fellow-actors. On the chance of discovering his signature to a deed or some reference to his property that had been hitherto overlooked, all available repositories of family papers, wills, and legal proceedings were unearthed and researched. The little world of collectors, in short, had gone mad in the pursuit of Shakespeariana. When the supply is limited of a genuine commodity, for which the demand is large, it is notorious that there is always a manufacture of spurious articles to meet it. W. H. Ireland was one of the first to seize the opportunity which thus presented itself, and made use for the purpose of his father's real or assumed enthusiasm as a Shakespearian collector. His imitations of sixteenth-century handwriting were undoubtedly skilful, and the precautions which he took to procure genuine paper of the period, and produce by artificial means the effect of age upon the ink and wax employed, were sufficient to disarm suspicion. The unsettled state of Elizabethan spelling was an advantage of which he availed himself to the full. He exaggerated its archaism, indeed, to the utmost limits of possibility, but kept so far within them as not to transcend the experience of men possessed, like Chalmers, of more learning than logic, who, if they could find a single instance wherein a contemporary of Shakespeare had spelt for "forre" and as "asse," saw no objection to the genuineness of a manuscript in which such exceptional redundancy was the invariable rule. Once having persuaded themselves that they were dealing with an authentic work of Shakespeare, the experts were blinded by their reverence to all evidence of its intrinsic worthlessness. Their faith paralysed their reason, and made a fool of their imagination. In the tumid bombast and insipid sentiment of the *Profession* and the letters, they discerned only the poet's glowing fancy and devout feeling. The tawdry rhetoric by which the forger thought to improve the language of *Lear*, and the discords which he introduced into its music, appeared to them characteristic marks of the master's daring licence; and the palpable crudeness and extravagance of *Vortigern* were triumphantly explained by assuming it to be "a production of his youthful genius." It required that a critic whose reverence had not deadened his judgment should subject the internal and external evidence for the MSS. to a dispassionate dissection before their supposititious character became apparent.

H. G. H.

Truth of Intercourse.

AMONG sayings that have a currency in spite of being wholly false upon the face of them for the sake of a half-truth upon another subject which is accidentally combined with the error, one of the grossest and broadest conveys the monstrous proposition that it is easy to tell the truth and hard to tell a lie. I wish heartily it were. But the truth is one; it has first to be discovered, then justly and exactly uttered. Even with instruments specially contrived for such a purpose—with a foot rule, a level or a theodolite—it is not easy to be exact; it is easier, alas! to be inexact. From those who mark the divisions on a scale to those who measure the boundaries of empires or the distance of the heavenly stars it is by careful method and minute, unwearying attention that men rise even to material exactness or to sure knowledge even of external and constant things. But it is easier to draw the outline of a mountain than the changing appearance of a face; and truth in human relations is of this more intangible and dubious order: hard to seize, harder to communicate. Veracity to facts in a loose, colloquial sense—not to say that I have been in Malabar when as a matter of fact I was never out of England, not to say that I have read Cervantes in the original when as a matter of fact I know not one syllable of Spanish—this, indeed, is easy and to the same degree unimportant in itself. Lies of this sort, according to circumstances, may or may not be important; in a certain sense even they may or may not be false. The habitual liar may be a very honest fellow, and live truly with his wife and friends; while another man who never told a formal falsehood in his life may yet be himself one lie—heart and face, from top to bottom. This is the kind of lie which poisons intimacy. And, *vice versâ*, veracity to sentiment, truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friends, never to feign or falsify emotion—that is the truth which makes love possible and mankind happy.

L'art de bien dire is but a drawing-room accomplishment unless it be pressed into the service of the truth. The difficulty of literature is not to write, but to write what you mean; not to affect your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish. This is commonly understood in the case of books or set orations; even in making your will, or writing an explicit letter, some difficulty is admitted by the world. But one thing you can never make Philistine natures understand; one thing, which yet lies on the surface, remains as unseizable to their wits as a high flight of metaphysics—namely, that the business of life is mainly carried on by means of this difficult art of literature, and according to

a man's proficiency in that art shall be the freedom and the fulness of his intercourse with other men. Anybody, it is supposed, can say what he means; and, in spite of their notorious experience to the contrary, people so continue to suppose. Now, I simply open the last book I have been reading—Mr. Leland's captivating *English Gipsies*. "It is said," I find on p. 7, "that those who can converse with Irish peasants in their own native tongue form far higher opinions of their appreciation of the beautiful, and of the *elements of humour and pathos in their hearts*, than do those who know their thoughts only through the medium of English. I know from my own observations that this is quite the case with the Indians of North America, and it is unquestionably so with the gipsy." In short, where a man has not a full possession of the language, the most important, because the most amiable, qualities of his nature have to lie buried and fallow; for the pleasure of comradeship, and the intellectual part of love, rest upon these very "elements of humour and pathos." Here is a man opulent in both, and for lack of a medium he can put none of it out to interest in the market of affection! But what is thus made plain to our apprehensions in the case of a foreign language is partially true even with the tongue we learned in childhood. Indeed, we all speak different dialects; one shall be copious and exact, another loose and meagre; but the speech of the ideal talker shall correspond and fit upon the truth of fact—not clumsily, obscuring lineaments, like a mantle, but cleanly adhering, like an athlete's skin. And what is the result? That the one can open himself more clearly to his friends, and can enjoy more of what makes life truly valuable—intimacy with those he loves.

An orator makes a false step; he employs some trivial, some absurd, some vulgar phrase; in the turn of a sentence he insults, by a side wind, those whom he is labouring to charm; in speaking to one sentiment he unconsciously ruffles another in parenthesis; and you are not surprised, for you know his task to be delicate and filled with perils. "O frivolous mind of man, light ignorance!" As if yourself, when you seek to explain some misunderstanding or excuse some apparent fault, speaking swiftly and addressing a mind still recently incensed, were not harnessing for a more perilous adventure; as if yourself required less tact and eloquence; as if an angry friend or a suspicious lover were not more easy to offend than a meeting of indifferent politicians! Nay, and the orator treads in a beaten round; the matters he discusses have been discussed a thousand times before; language is ready-shaped to his purpose; he speaks out of a cut and dry vocabulary. But you—may it not be that your defence reposes on some subtlety of feeling, not so much as touched upon in Shakespeare, to express which, like a pioneer, you must venture forth into zones of thought still unsurveyed, and become yourself a literary innovator? For even in love there are unlovely humours; ambiguous acts, unpardonable words, may yet have sprung from a kind sentiment. If the injured one could read your heart, you may be sure

that he would understand and pardon ; but, alas ! the heart cannot be shown—it has to be demonstrated in words. Do you think it is a hard thing to write poetry ? Why, that is to write poetry, and of a high, if not the highest, order.

I should even more admire “ the lifelong and heroic literary labours ” of my fellow-men, patiently clearing up in words their loves and their contentions, and speaking their autobiography daily to their wives, were it not for a circumstance which lessens their difficulty and my admiration by equal parts. For life, though largely, is not entirely carried on by literature. We are subject to physical passions and contortions ; the voice breaks and changes, and speaks by unconscious and winning inflections ; we have legible countenances, like an open book ; things that cannot be said look eloquently through the eyes ; and the soul, not locked into the body as a dungeon, dwells ever on the threshold with appealing signals. Groans and tears, looks and gestures ; a flush or a paleness, are often the most clear reporters of the heart, and speak more directly to the hearts of others. The message flies by these interpreters in the least space of time, and the misunderstanding is averted in the moment of its birth. To explain in words takes time and a just and patient hearing ; and in the critical epochs of a close relation, patience and justice are not qualities on which we can rely. But the look or the gesture explains things in a breath ; they tell their message without ambiguity ; unlike speech, they cannot stumble, by the way, on a reproach or an allusion that should steel your friend against the truth ; and then they have a higher authority, for they are the direct expression of the heart, not yet transmitted through the unfaithful and sophisticating brain. Not long ago I wrote a letter to a friend which came near involving us in quarrel ; but we met, and in personal talk I repeated the worst of what I had written, and added worse to that ; and with the commentary of the body it seemed not unfriendly either to hear or say. Indeed, letters are in vain for the purposes of intimacy ; an absence is a dead break in the relation ; yet two who know each other fully and are bent on perpetuity in love, may so preserve the attitude of their affections that they may meet on the same terms as they had parted.

Pitiful is the case of the blind, who cannot read the face ; pitiful that of the deaf, who cannot follow the changes of the voice. And there are others also to be pitied ; for there are some of an inert, uneloquent nature, who have been denied all the symbols of communication, who have neither a lively play of facial expression, nor speaking gestures, nor a responsive voice, nor yet the gift of frank, explanatory speech. People truly made of clay, people tied for life into a bag which no one can undo. They are poorer than the gipsy, for their heart can speak no language under heaven. Such people we must learn slowly by the tenor of their acts, or through yea and nay communications ; or we take them on trust on the strength of a general air, and now and again, when we see the spirit breaking through in a flash, correct or change our esti-

mate. But these will be uphill intimacies, without charm or freedom, to the end; and freedom is the chief ingredient in confidence. Some minds, romantically dull, despise physical endowments. That is a doctrine for a misanthrope; to those who like their fellow-creatures it must always be meaningless; and, for my part, I can see few things more desirable, after the possession of such radical qualities as honour and humour and pathos, than to have a lively and not a stolid countenance; to have looks to correspond with every feeling; to be elegant and delightful in person, so that we shall please even in the intervals of active pleasing, and may never discredit speech with uncouth manners and become unconsciously our own burlesques. But of all unfortunates there is one creature (for I will not call him man) conspicuous in misfortune. This is he who has forfeited his birthright of expression, who has cultivated artful intonations, who has taught his face tricks, like a pet monkey, and on every side perverted or cut off his means of communication with his fellow-men. The body is a house of many windows: there we all sit, showing ourselves and crying on the passers-by to come and love us. But this fellow has filled his windows with opaque glass, elegantly coloured. His house may be admired for its design, the crowd may pause before the stained windows, but meanwhile the poor proprietor must lie languishing within, un comforted, unchangeably alone.

Truth of intercourse is something more difficult than to refrain from open lies. It is possible to avoid falsehood and yet not tell the truth. It is not enough to answer formal questions. To reach the truth by *yea* and *nay* communications implies a questioner with a share of inspiration, such as is often found in mutual love. *Yea* and *nay* mean nothing; the meaning must have been related in the question. Many words are often necessary to convey a very simple statement; for in this sort of exercise we never hit the gold; the most that we can hope is by many arrows, more or less far off on different sides, to indicate, in the course of time, for what target we are aiming, and after an hour's talk, back and forward, to convey the purport of a single principle or a single thought. And yet while the curt, pithy speaker misses the point entirely, a wordy, prolegomenous babbler will often add three new offences in the process of excusing one. 'Tis really a most delicate affair. The world was made before the English language, and seemingly upon a different design. Suppose we held our converse not in words, but in music; those who have a bad ear would find themselves cut off from all near commerce, and no better than foreigners in this big world. But we do not consider how many have "a bad ear" for words, nor how often the most eloquent find nothing to reply. I hate questioners and questions; there are so few that can be spoken to without a lie. "*Do you forgive me?*" Madam and sweetheart, so far as I have gone in life I have never yet been able to discover what forgiveness means. "*Is it still the same between us?*" Why, how can it be? It is eternally different; and yet you are still the friend of my heart. "*Do you understand me?*" God knows; I should think it highly improbable.

The cruellest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator. And how many loves have perished because, from pride, or spite, or diffidence, or that unmanly shame which withholds a man from daring to betray emotion, a lover, at the critical point of the relation, has but hung his head and held his tongue? And, again, a lie may be told by a truth, or a truth conveyed through a lie. Truth to facts is not always truth to sentiment; and part of the truth, as often happens in answer to a question, may be the foulest calumny. A fact may be an exception; but the feeling is the law, and it is that which you must neither garble nor belie. The whole tenor of a conversation is a part of the meaning of each separate statement; the beginning and the end define and travesty the intermediate conversation. You never speak to God; you address a fellow-man, full of his own tempers; and to tell truth, rightly understood, is not to state the true facts, but to convey a true impression; truth in spirit, not truth to letter, is the true veracity. To reconcile averted friends a Jesuitical discretion is often needful, not so much to gain a kind hearing as to communicate sober truth. Women have an ill name in this connection; yet they live in as true relations; the lie of a good woman is the true index of her heart.

"It takes," says Thoreau in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author,* "two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear." He must be very little experienced, or have no great zeal for truth, who does not recognise the fact. A grain of anger or a grain of suspicion produces strange acoustical effects, and makes the ear greedy to remark offence. Hence we find those who have once quarrelled carry themselves distantly, and are ever ready to break the truce. To speak truth there must be moral equality or else no respect; and hence between parent and child intercourse is apt to degenerate into a verbal fencing bout, and misapprehensions to become ingrained. And there is another side to this, for the parent begins with an imperfect notion of the child's character, formed in early years or during the equinoctial gales of youth; to this he adheres, noting only the facts which suit with his preconception; and wherever a person fancies himself unjustly judged, he at once and finally gives up the effort to speak truth. With our chosen friends, on the other hand, and still more between lovers (for mutual understanding is love's essence), the truth is easily indicated by the one and aptly comprehended by the other. A hint taken, a look understood, conveys the gist of long and delicate explanations; and where the life is known even *yea* and *may* become luminous. In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half discarded, like a roundabout, infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquette; and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer

* *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, Wednesday, p. 283.

words contrive to share their good and evil and uphold each other's hearts in joy. For love rests upon a physical basis; it is a familiarity of nature's making and apart from voluntary choice. Understanding has in some sort outrun knowledge, for the affection, perhaps, began with the acquaintance; and as it was not made like other relations, so it is not, like them, to be perturbed or clouded. Each knows more than can be uttered; each lives by faith, and believes by a natural compulsion; and between man and wife the language of the body is largely developed and grown strangely eloquent. The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words—aye, although Shakespeare himself should be the scribe.

Yet it is in these dear intimacies, beyond all others, that we must strive and do battle for the truth. Let but a doubt arise, and, alas! all the previous intimacy and confidence is but another charge against the person doubted. "*What a monstrous dishonesty is this if I have been deceived so long and so completely!*" Let but that thought gain entrance, and you plead before a deaf tribunal. Appeal to the past; why, that is your crime! Make all clear, convince the reason; alas! speciousness is but a proof against you. "*If you can abuse me now the more likely that you have abused me from the first.*"

For a strong affection such moments are worth supporting, and they will end well; for your advocate is in your lover's heart and speaks her own language; it is not you but she herself who can defend and clear you of the charge. But in slighter intimacies, and for a less stringent union? Indeed, is it worth while? We are all *incompris*, only more or less concerned for the mischance; all trying wrongly to do right; all fawning at each other's feet like dumb, neglected lap-dogs. Sometimes we catch an eye—this is our opportunity in the ages—and we wag our tail with a poor smile. "*Is that all?*" All? If you only knew! But how can they know? They do not love us; the more fools we to squander life on the indifferent.

But the morality of the thing, you will be glad to hear, is excellent; for it is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood; and in matters of human feeling the clement judge is the most successful pleader.

R. L. S.

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Zips.

ZIPS, or Szepes, is the name of a county in the north of Hungary, where it borders on Galicia, some hundred and fifty miles to the north of Pesth. It is often spoken of as "the so-called (so-genannte) Zips;" but why, I cannot imagine, for Zips seems to be just as much its proper historical and legal name as Middlesex is that of the county where I write, and one does not find that it has had, in its long vicissitudes of fortune, any other title. Any man with the requisite knowledge and industry might make out of those vicissitudes an interesting history. The district was settled in the twelfth century by Germans from Saxony, whom the reigning Hungarian king, Geisa the Second, brought in to reclaim the wild regions and tame the wild Slavs who inhabited them, just as he persuaded a large colony to settle in Transylvania where they still remain, in their Saxon land, a solid German isle in the midst of Roumans and Magyars. Here in Zips they built for themselves sixteen German towns—tiny little towns, of which the biggest has never had more than 5,000 inhabitants—formed a league under the title of *Fraternitas Plebaniorum Regalium*, maintained a stiff fight for municipal rights against the Hungarian nobles who overshadowed them, embraced Lutheranism in due course, were (thirteen of them) transferred by King Sigismund in 1412, by way of pledge, to the Polish king Vladislav, and only finally recovered by Hungary when the first partitionment took place under Maria Theresa in 1772; and here, after having kept to their German ways for so many centuries, they at length began to be absorbed into, and learn, the tongue of the Slavonic people that surrounds them. Now, however, that process has stopped, and those who have not yet been Slavonised will probably remain Germans till the end of time.

However, I am not now concerned with the history of the Zips, but with its mountains. It is the mountain land of Hungary, the region where the highest summits, and by far the most charming scenery within the wide compass of the Hungarian kingdom, are to be found; and on the southern slope of these mountains, embosomed in profound forests, lies Schmecks, the prettiest and most famous of all the watering-places of Hungary.

First, a few words about these mountains. They go by the name of Tátra, and consist of a ridge of granite, very steep, very narrow, and nowhere less than 6,000 feet in height, upon which, or on the short spurs that project from it, are set, like the towers and bastions of a city wall, a row of sharp and savage peaks, the highest of which reaches 8,700 feet.

This granite axis is about twenty miles in length, with a general east and west direction. At its eastern extremity it is prolonged for a few miles in a line of bold limestone hills, and then sinks abruptly to the valley of the river Popper, flowing N.E. to join the Vistula. On the west it subsides more gradually into a confused mass of limestone ranges which run away out, sinking at last into mere hills to the west towards the great railway junction of Oderberg. You may put down the total length of the alpine region at about forty miles. Breadth it has hardly any—that is to say, the central ridge is a mere knife-edge, and the spurs which run off from it at right angles are seldom more than three or four miles long. Then the valleys are short—indeed, on the south side they are little more than hollows or basins in the mountain, what in Scotland are called “corries”; and when you stand on the central ridge you have the undulating country of Northern Hungary under your feet, while northwards you look over forest-clad valleys to where the great plain of Galicia meets the horizon. But perhaps the best way of giving an idea of the structure of the mass is to compare it with a spot which most tourists know—the island of Arran in the Firth of Clyde. Anyone who remembers the aspect of the northern half of that striking island as it rises, opposite the coast of Ayrshire, will have a good notion of the Tatra seen from the south, if he imagines its line of serrated pinnacles twice as long, twice as high, and even more wildly savage, and if he substitutes for the blue waters of the Firth a broad and nearly level valley, whose rich corn-fields contrast with the sombre forest that clothes the skirts of the hills. A grander or more peculiar mountain view it would be hard to find anywhere. Eleven lofty peaks, each flanked by minor crags and teeth of rock, rise up against the sky, their upper three thousand feet all of bare dark-grey granite, with here and there snow patches glistening under the sun. Deep black hollows lie between the peaks, but the lakes that fill most of them are too far sunk to be visible; all is grim and stern. Next below comes a zone of dwarf pine, which, from a distance, shows like herbage, only that its hue is of a darker green, and below this, again, the more gentle slopes are covered with dense fir woods, which descend to the cheerful fields and villages of the plain country. Nowhere, perhaps, in the middle of a continent does a mountain mass spring with such magnificent abruptness from a level country; and in gazing on it, marking its boldness and its complete isolation, one finds it hard to believe that no sea wave breaks on a beach nearer than four hundred miles away.

Perhaps some one will say, “But in what sense isolated? How about the Carpathians? Were we not taught at school that the Carpathians are the mountains that separate Hungary from Galicia, and do not they form a long and continuous chain?”

This is a very natural question; and it is, indeed, just the question which my friends and I asked ourselves when we got this panoramic view of the Tatra from the south. Where are the Carpathians? where is that long black line of mountains which all the maps show engirdling

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Hungary on the north and north-east, and to which this Tatra ought to belong?

The answer is, that the Carpathians, like so many other things, like the "Grampian chain," for instance, in Scotland, and the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, are a fiction of the geographers. There is no such long mountain chain dividing Hungary from Galicia as appears upon the maps. One can only suppose that some geographer, on the look-out for a natural boundary, and knowing that the political frontier of the two kingdoms coincided generally with the watershed between the Danube basin and that of the Vistula; knowing also that there were mountains in some places along that frontier, fancied them continuous, and created out of the watershed this imposing range, the Carpathians, which have so long figured in school-books and atlases. There is no continuous chain; and the traveller who expects one will be startled indeed (as we were) when, on reaching the summit of the Lomnitzer Spitze, the easternmost of the high Tatra peaks, he looks away out eighty or a hundred miles to the eastward, along the watershed, and sees no Carpathians at all; only an undulating land of fields and forests.

To return, however, from these Mountains of the Moon to our real and solid Tatra. I desire, before describing Schmecks and the excursions from it, to give some sort of general notion of what this little alpine land is like, and wherein it differs from better-known rivals. The most striking feature is, perhaps, the surprising abruptness with which it rises, especially on the Hungarian, that is, the southern and eastern sides. From the plain, or rather the broad, open, cultivated valley of the river Poprad, here about 2,000 feet above sea-level, there are three slopes or zones to be crossed before one reaches the highest tops, 8,700 feet high, which lie only seven or eight miles off, as the crow flies. The first slope is the longest, and comparatively gentle. It is four or five miles wide, pretty uniform in surface, with no deep valleys cutting into it, or ridges rising out of it, and covered with a thick forest of tall pines and firs, a sort of black mantle shaken out round the skirts of the mountain. The higher one gets, the steeper does the inclination become, and the smaller the trees, till at last progress is checked by the dwarf pine (*Pinus Mughus*) which the Germans call *Krummholz*, a low creeping shrub whose numerous curved branches, rising only a few feet from the ground, are extremely strong and elastic. This hateful little tree, which one finds occasionally in the Alps, is especially fond of growing on beds of loose stones, where nothing else will grow. It begins at about 4,000 feet above the sea, and runs up to 5,500 or so. Then you come, if, indeed, you have succeeded in forcing your way through the dense mass of tangled stems and boughs, to the region of bare stones and rock. The ascent is now steep enough to put a good climber on his mettle; and in many places it is over immense beds of loose blocks, lying at a high angle, and often so unstable that they give way under a heavy tread, and expose the unwary tourist to serious danger of losing his footing, or of being hurt by them as they topple

over. There is little grass in this higher zone; only small patches of herbage among the rocks, but no stretches of flower-studded pasture like those which one finds not only in the Alps, but on the limestone mountains at either end of the central mass of the Tatra. It is all bare, harsh granite, dark grey or black where a stream trickles over it. As one nears the crest of the ridge, even the flowerets that nestled among the blocks disappear; beds of never-melting snow fill the hollows, and all around wildly rifted crags tower up into the sky. The boldness of the pinnacles, the bareness of the precipices, the intense sternness of the whole aspect of this highest region of the Tatra, equal anything in the Alps or Pyrenees, and only yield to the black horror of the volcanic mountains of Iceland. Yet all the while one is close to the plains, with no minor ridges intervening. From the midst of this rock scenery, as noble in form (though less huge in bulk) as that of the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc, you look down on cultivated fields and trim German villages; you hear the church bells' note wafted up into these savage solitudes, and can almost make out the reapers as they bind the sheaves, and the children playing in the streets.

But the Tatra has nooks of beauty, rich and romantic beauty, to relieve the terrible grandeur of her wind-swept crest. Several valleys run into the mass, wide and shallow, towards the plain, but towards their heads folded deep between lofty ridges. Nearly every valley consists of several successive floors or stages, level bits separated from one another by steep slopes or walls of rock, four or five hundred feet high; and on each of such floors there often lies a tiny lake. The water of these lakes is dark blue and exquisitely clear; and the wind that plays round the tops seldom troubles their glassy surface, in which the crags that surround them are mirrored. The higher ones—there are over thirty in all—are sometimes studded with icebergs, while the lower are fringed by pines and junipers with all the luxuriant undergrowth of a moist wood. Miniature cliffs rise from them, while here and there a great mass that has tumbled from the overhanging precipice forms an islet, and in course of time gets covered with heather and the tufts of the graceful wood-rush. Then the streams that gush out from these lakes are of wonderful beauty. All are crystal clear, for there are no glaciers, as in Switzerland, to pollute them with mud; and they flash down the valleys in a line of foaming runs and leaps, with here and there a deep still pool, through whose sun-filled water you can count every granite pebble that lies at the bottom. Where the glen suddenly breaks down from one of its floors to another lower down, there comes a succession of waterfalls, with the stream now raging through a narrow cleft, now flinging itself out in bursts of foam over huge sheets of granite. To be sure these streams are not large, and the waterfalls are therefore trifling in volume compared to the great ones of Switzerland and Norway. But in a waterfall, more distinctly, perhaps, than in any other beautiful object, it is not size that charms us nearly so much as

brilliance of colour, grace of form, and the happy disposition of surrounding rocks and trees: an ancient larch drooping its boughs across the chasm, a tall tower of rock standing up against the sunset behind the pool from which the torrent takes its leap. Thus the waters of the Tatra, whether sleeping under the shadow of the inmost precipices, or joyously glancing through the forest glens, have a fascination which the grander, but less pure and less approachable lakes and rivers of the Alps seldom possess. With this, too, there is the charm of solitude. On the northern side of the mountains, where the slopes are gentler, and the valleys longer, one sometimes finds a group of chalets with herds scattered over the hills. Here even a single hut is rare. Little or no pasture on the heights, for the trees cover all that is not arid granite: the wood-cutter who plies his work in winter comes up from some village far down below among the corn-fields: the mountains are left to nature and her creatures.

Why, it may naturally be asked, are there no glaciers or perpetual snow-fields upon the Tatra? These peaks reach nearly to 9,000 feet, and lie much farther to the north than the Alps, where the line of perpetual snow (which one may roughly define as the line above which most of the ground, not being too steep to bear snow, is covered with snow even in August) is rather under than over 9,000 feet. If the snow-line were merely a question of latitude and elevation, it ought to be found in these mountains at from 7,000 to 7,500 feet. The explanation is, no doubt, to be found in the isolation of the Tatra, which rises out of a wide tract of comparatively level country, with warm winds from the Hungarian plains playing on its southern face, and in the very small superficial area of its highest region. There is very little ground above 7,000 feet level enough for snow to lie on it, and therefore no mass of snow can gather sufficient to refrigerate the atmosphere, and enable each fresh fall to resist the dissolving power of the sun and the south-western winds. Hence, although snow showers descend on the higher peaks even in August, they disappear in a day or two, and we seldom find, even on the northern side, permanent beds of névé, except in deep and shadowy hollows. Such beds, however, sometimes descend to a height of not more than 6,000 feet above the sea; and they give a singularly grim and dismal effect to the valleys in which they occur.

On the southern slope of the mountains, some three thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands Schmecks (in Hungarian Tatra Fűrés), the tourist's centre for this land of beauty, and indeed almost the only spot within its bounds where he can find even the simplest accommodation. It occupies a little clearing, three or four acres in size, in the dense forest, and consists of about twelve or fourteen houses, most of them of wood, and three storeys high, built irregularly round an open space of grass, in the midst of which is placed a tiny church. There is a restaurant, where breakfast and dinner are provided within certain hours, a coffee-house with a large ball-room, a

bureau, and a bathing establishment, where you have plunges and douches of all kinds in intensely cold clear water. The other houses—which bear fancy names, such as Vadáskürt (hunting-horn), Tengerszem (eye of the sea), Tünderlak (Alpine fairy), Rigi, and so forth—contain bedrooms, very simple, and, indeed, primitive in their furniture and general style, but quite clean, and good enough for anybody who has not been spoiled by the luxurious habits of western Europe. All meals are taken in the restaurant, and, so far as I know, such things as private sitting-rooms are unknown: if the weather is too wet to sit out of doors on the benches or verandahs, one goes to the coffee-house and reads the newspapers, or plays billiards or cards in the public rooms there. The whole place belongs to one company, which pays a rent for it to the commune, and does all that is required for the visitors. Delicate people might find it rather a bore to be always going to and fro from their rooms to the restaurant and coffee-house across the central green, whose walks are pretty moist in bad weather; but one soon gets used to this, and a stranger of course enjoys the opportunities which the open-air free and easy life gives him of becoming acquainted with the particoloured society of the place.

Five minutes' walk off to the west, in a still more recent forest clearing, stands the rival establishment of New Schmecks (Uj Tátra Füred). It in like manner consists of a restaurant, a bureau, and two or three lodging-houses, and is managed, on hydropathic principles, by Dr. Nicholas Szontágh, who was formerly physician to Old Schmecks, and has now started this new place on his own account, in the territories of another commune. We stayed first in the one establishment and afterwards in the other, and experienced so much kindness and courtesy in both that it would be invidious to compare their respective merits. Between them they can accommodate four or five hundred guests, probably more at a pinch. But last August, owing partly to the ungracious weather, partly to the elections which were then just over, partly to the general disarrangement created by the occupation of Bosnia, which was then beginning, there cannot have been nearly so many, and everyone was complaining of the season as a bad one. Besides the lodging-houses, there are at New Schmecks three or four pretty wooden villas belonging to Hungarian magnates, and one in particular to Count Andrassy.

The guests are mostly Hungarians, with a sprinkling of Germans from Vienna and the Teutonic parts of the Austrian monarchy, and a few Prussians, mostly from Silesia. The Poles content themselves with their own side of the mountains; and the Russians do not seem to come at all. Perhaps they feel that they would not be welcome. Now and then a wandering Englishman appears, but the amount of interest which we excited seemed to show that this can be but rarely. The official tongue is Hungarian, but practically one hears German talked just as much, and anybody who speaks it will find no sort of difficulty in getting

on alone. All the inscriptions are bilingual, the names painted on the houses, the lists of viands and wines on the restaurant cartes, the directions on the finger-posts which indicate the forest-paths. Even among themselves the Magyars talk a good deal of German, whereas thirteen years ago, before the Austrian Court had been driven by the misfortunes of 1866 to submit to the demands of Hungary and re-establish constitutional government, it was a point of honour to talk no German at all, and to be proudly national even in the details of dress.

Oddly enough, when one comes to think of it, the Magyars are not themselves at home here in Schmecks; that is to say, the population of the Zips is not Magyar, but Slav and German; and even in Gömör, the next county to the south, the Slavs greatly outnumber the Magyars. Up in these woods there is no population at all, only bears, wolves, and squirrels. But in the valley below the inhabitants are Slovaks, speaking a tongue akin to Bohemian and Moravian, more distantly related to Polish, and still more distantly to Russian and Servian. The German colonists settled down in the middle of these aboriginal Slovaks, and doubtless Germanised a good many of them, so that one finds German and Slovak villages mixed, a certain number of Slovaks who have become Lutherans, though the majority are either Roman Catholics or Uniates (i.e. Orthodox Easterns who have acknowledged Rome). About sixty years ago, the Slav tongue was gaining ground on the German, and villages which spoke German two hundred years ago had come to speak Slovak. The Magyars do not make much way in absorbing the Slovaks, even where they live intermingled with them, not that they live on ill terms, for they and the Slovaks are usually good friends, but simply that the less advanced and less influential race seems somehow to be physically more vigorous and more tenacious of its own ways. In these northern counties, however, there is no Magyar peasantry, though great part of the land belongs to Magyar nobles. The Magyars are a plain-loving people, and none of them, except the Szeklers of Transylvania, are to be found at home in the mountains which surround Hungary. However, there are so many Magyar visitors here that one may properly say you have in Zips three nations, just as you have in Transylvania. But the casual visitor might never realise he is in a Slav land, for he would not hear anything but German or Hungarian spoken by the people he meets, even the servants (except those who do the rough outdoor work) talking the tongues of civilisation. There is, however, another theory, that the land was unoccupied when the Germans came, and that the Slovaks afterwards, probably in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when there was a great expansion of the Czech races, overflowed into north-eastern Hungary.

Society is friendly and cheery at Schmecks, with a simplicity which suits the surroundings. Although it ranks as a "cure-place," you see no melancholy figures of invalids. Those who come for the sake of health, come to find it in the fresh mountain air and the perfume of the

pine woods rather than in the mineral waters, which are not strong, and are drunk more for pleasure than as medicines. There are several springs in and near the hamlet. The most copious of them, which gushes out under the verandah of the restaurant, is impregnated with carbonic acid, and mixes agreeably with the slightly acid wines of the country. All over Hungary table-wine is commonly drunk with an equal portion of mineral water. Of the various baths, the oddest is that made by steeping the young shoots of *Krummholz* (dwarf pine) in hot water. Its strong aromatic smell makes it pleasant as well as invigorating; but the bather will do well to keep his face out of it, for when the solution is strong, he emerges from it with his skin of a fine mahogany tint.

The occupations of the day are soon described. Early in the morning you are awakened by the gipsy band, never wanting in Hungary, which plays on a terrace in front of the bath-house at frequent intervals all day long. People begin to gather in groups towards ten o'clock; breakfast follows; then they loiter about the green, or listen to the band on the terrace, or smoke in the coffee-house. Later on, parties are made up on foot or horseback through the woods, or to the Kohlbach waterfalls, half-way to which is a charming point of view, with a restaurant, where beer and wild strawberries are consumed to an amazing extent. By sunset, everyone is back; dinner begins about seven, and is kept up, one group dropping in after another, till past nine, when the coffee-house fills again, and the world is not asleep till eleven. It is an uneventful way of killing time, in which days slip away before one thinks of counting them, pleasantly enough, but leaving little to remember. The only excitements are the tombola, a sort of lottery which comes off every Sunday evening during dinner, enriching the winners with all sorts of articles, from garden-seats down to pen-wipers, and a dance every Saturday night, and as much oftener as the director chooses or the company demands. Then the gipsy band is in its glory. One never seems to have heard dance music before. All the music in Hungary comes from the gipsies. They gather in bands of from ten to twenty persons, with a chief who leads and gives the time; they play entirely from ear with never a note before them, and they play always the same style of airs, peculiar airs which are but little known in other countries. The *Kákóczy March*, which may be familiar to some of my readers, is a type of these tunes, and one of the most popular among them. When all these fiddles are going, with the cymbals striking in, there is, as Mr. Robert Browning says, "no keeping one's haunches still." It is like the tarantula's bite: you must dance, whether you like it or no; and you can dance on long after the natural and usual vigour of your legs has been exhausted. Needless to say, that the Hungarians dance well, and dance best of all their national "*csárdás*," over which the gipsies become absolutely frantic. It is an odd and indescribable kind of dance, in which a great number of couples engage, each taking no heed of the others, and in whose figure, if one can

speak of a figure, there is unbounded variety, though the step is always the same. Sometimes you seize your partner, sometimes you let her go, sometimes you pursue her, sometimes she pursues you; sometimes you appear to be indifferent to one another, anon you are more closely linked and more vehemently warm than ever. There is no limit to the individual character you may throw into your movements, each partner stimulating the other to something fresh and bright. The Hungarians, who are proud of their national amusement, in which they think that the ardour of their Asiatic nature finds fit expression, admit that it is a dance full of "coquetterie," which is, perhaps, the reason why it is danced best of all (as they always tell you) by the ingenuous peasants.

These simple gaieties are of course diversified by a great deal of talk, which—for are we not in Hungary, the most political country in the world?—is, of course, chiefly political talk. Whatever the stranger's own views may be, he will find it hard not to sympathise with the Hungarians when they state their grievances and apprehensions. Englishmen are not usually welcome among Continental politicians, who see in us a selfish, trade-loving people, willing enough to subscribe for the relief of suffering, but insensible to the larger and nobler emotions, disposed to try every question by its bearing on our own immediate interests, and pharisaically proud of the success with which we have kept out of the wars and embarrassments of less fortunate neighbours. (Horribly unjust, to be sure, but still others never do see us quite as we see ourselves!) However, there is one country where Englishmen always have been welcome. And if ever welcome, then most welcome when England was believed to be the great antagonist of Russia, eager for a fray with the old enemy of Hungary. My friends and I, as it so happened, though in a general way by no means keen politicians, were all agreed in thinking that Lord Beaconsfield's Government had been hopelessly wrong from first to last in their conduct of the Eastern question. It was, therefore, a little embarrassing to receive endless compliments on the noble way in which England had behaved in resisting Russia and befriending the gallant Turks. And our embarrassment reached its climax one evening at dinner at the house of a fine old Hungarian magnate, who owned a fine estate in the neighbourhood. When the generous vintage of Tokay had been flowing for some hours, and many patriotic sentiments had been expressed, our jovial host rose, amid tremendous clinking of glasses and shouts of "Eljen, Eljen," and proposed in eloquent terms the toast of "England and her Prime Minister," who have stood so well by the Turks, and called on me to respond.

What gives Schmecks perhaps its greatest charm is the contrast between the bright gay little life that ebbs and flows round its green and terrace and coffee-house, its gossips and dances, and political declamations enlivened by the stirring strains of the gipsy fiddles, and the great silent gloom of the environing forest. It is like a sunny islet in a wide and melancholy sea. You pass behind the houses, and in five minutes find

yourself far from all human sights or sounds, and may wander about for hours without meeting anything but birds and squirrels. Even the ocean and the desert are less lonely, for there one has sunlight and clouds to bear one company, and at night the stars to steer one's way by. Here you feel utterly cut off from the world, without even the means of returning to it. It is a fine place to lose oneself in, and if the visitors do not get lost, it can only be because they never quit the one or two beaten tracks which lead to the excursion spots. We, who explored for the sake of exploring, did lose ourselves repeatedly. Once I remember, as we were returning from a walk late in the afternoon, an apparent short cut tempted us to strike off the path, which of course we meant to regain in a few yards. However, we could not and did not find it again. It had turned off to the right or the left of us. Efforts to regain it only carried us farther away into a new part of the wood, where the character of the trees changed, and ultimately into swamps. When an hour had been spent in trying back in several directions, we discovered a hill from whose top—the trees being comparatively few—a distant mountain could be made out, and the direction in which Schmecks lay conjectured. That was of course the opposite direction from the one we had been following. Then we struck off again on this new line. But nothing is so difficult as to keep to a straight line in walking among trees and over broken ground, where you have nothing to steer by. And the difficulty is rather increased by the profusion of tracks in these woods. You follow a good broad path for some way and congratulate yourself on speedy deliverance. Then it forks. You choose the more beaten of the two paths. A little farther grass begins to fall over it from the sides, it is here and there blocked up by a dead bush; it turns off in a direction you did not expect. You stop to deliberate. "Shall we pursue this treacherous path, or shall we retrace our steps to the fork and try the other branch, or shall we plunge once more into the forest in the direction where home would seem to be?" It is one of those problems where two heads are not much better than one, and may well be worse, since instead of following a consistent line of policy, you are apt to adopt first one course and then another, or (most dangerous of all) to split the difference. Probably you decide to stick to the path you are on. It goes forward for a couple of hundred yards farther, then it ends abruptly in a thicket of briars, or it narrows to a squirrel track and ultimately runs up a tree. This was what befell us. One path after another betrayed us; darkness closed in, and we had begun to face the probability of spending the night upon a heap of damp boughs, with neither food nor fuel, and perhaps a bear for a bedfellow, when by the merest piece of luck we stumbled into the one high road that cuts the forest, leading from Schmecks to the plain, and in fifteen minutes found our way back to the welcome lights of the coffee-house. Bears are by no means scarce in these woods. Once we saw in an out-field, in a little bit of clearing, the tracks of one who had been making a meal the night before, and the woodcutters have many a tale to tell both

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of them and of the wolves. Lynxes exist, but are far more rarely seen; roe deer are pretty plentiful, and on the ragged mountain tops there are as many chamois as are now left in all Switzerland. Of course all game is strictly preserved; the peasants complain that they are not allowed to have guns wherewith they might shoot the marauding bears and hawks. Practically, however, the solitary pedestrian runs no risk from these wild creatures, who are all much more afraid of him than he can possibly be of them. Nobody gets hurt by a bear unless he has first attacked it. Nor does one hear such stories as in Russia of the boldness of wolves in winter. I suppose there are not enough of them to give one another the courage of combined operations.

More interesting than the rarely seen quadrupeds of this forest, more interesting even than its birds, of whom we noticed few except a large, loud, handsome woodpecker, is its vegetation. The climate of the Tâtra is so moist that, instead of the bare soil so common in the forests of central Germany and of Russia, where neither grass nor shrubs flourish under the trees, one has an admirable variety and profusion of plants and shrubs, a luxuriant undergrowth which gives an always changing charm of form and colour to the sylvan landscapes. The trees are mostly conifers, firs, pines, and larches, with a good deal of birch and sometimes alder, beech and maple and hornbeam more rarely, and indeed only in the limestone valleys or on the lowest slopes of the hills. Seen from a distance, a forest of conifers is no doubt less beautiful, though perhaps more solemn in its dark monotony, than one where the more varied tints of deciduous trees appear. But when you are in the middle of these pine woods, nothing lovelier can be imagined. The stones and the trunks of fallen trees are furred with brilliant mosses and lichens. Tall grasses with drooping, feathery panicles spring up round the path, mixed with wood gentians, twayblades, anemones, and the stately light blue campanula; junipers and hollies rise out of thickets of whortleberry, glowing in their autumnal scarlet, while the ground is carpeted with wild strawberries and the mountain bilberry,* whose glossy dark leaves make a pretty setting to its crimson fruit. There is no sound through the cool, green twilight, except the faint rustling of the tree tops in the breeze, or here and there the voice of a mountain brook among the mossy blocks. When the foam of such a brook is seen flashing out among the pines, or when a shaft of sunlight strikes down upon this mass of tangled greenery, when through the waving boughs you catch sight of the bright blue sky above, or at the end of a long vista, streaked with alternate lights and shadows, discover a lordly tower of rock shaking from its sides the fleecy clouds of evening, one begins to understand the passion of the ancient poets for sylvan solitude, and why it was that all

* *Vaccinium Vitis Idææ*, which is excessively common all over the Tâtra, and is a great ornament to the mountains of Scotland, and the woods of Switzerland and Norway. It does not seem to be used in these countries, as it is here, for the purpose of making jam, and moreover an excellent jam.

their most vivid imaginings of a life penetrated by the love of Nature, and the sense of her mysterious communion with man, associated themselves with the rushing of the mountain stream and the solemn calm of the mountain forest.

"O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!"

Nothing is more surprising in these woodland landscapes than their variety. The elements of beauty are always the same; but they are so numerous that their combinations are endless. Every step discloses a new picture; yet all the pictures are like one another.

Such, nevertheless, is the power which the habit of seeking for some fresh excitement, and reckoning days lost wherein something has not been achieved, acquires over Englishmen, that my friends and I were not content to spend our fortnight in purposeless ramblings and musings among these verdurous shades. Probably we should have done better to rest and be content where beauty was all around, but the sharp peaks that towered above seemed to reproach our indolence. Plans were soon sketched out for attacking them, and the Major was asked to tell us where we might best expend our energies. The Major is so conspicuous a feature in the society of Schmecks that I hope he will pardon me for dragging him into print as a public character. There exists in Zips an Alpine club called the Hungarian Carpathian Union (*Magyarországi Kárpátgyűlet*), which numbers already several hundred members, Hungarians and Germans, who interest themselves in the mountains, and seek to have them more thoroughly explored, and made more accessible to tourists. This club has its chief bureau at Kesmark, the oldest of the Zips towns, lying in the valley some eight miles from Schmecks. But during the summer Schmecks is practically its head-quarters, and the residence of its invaluable Vice-President, who represents its multiform activity in the most lively and beneficent way. Major Anton von Döller is a Galician Pole by birth. After serving for more than twenty years in the Austrian cavalry, he has now retired from his regiment, and being still in the vigour of life, devotes himself to the mountains, in the capacity of Vice-President of the Carpathian Club. He keeps the accounts, he summons the meetings, he admits the members without ballot—at least he admitted us without having required from us any further or other evidence of mountaineering capacity than the possession of ice-axes (which, by the way, are quite useless in the Tâtra), he keeps the guides in order, he directs the construction here and there in the woods of the shelter-huts, two or three of which have been erected at convenient spots, to provide food and night harbour for the tourist in these solitudes, he lays out the line of tracks to be opened through the forest, and superintends the marking of the trees along them with a streak of white paint, so as to indicate the true path. In fine, he pervades the whole place with his genial and vigorous presence, and has even caused to be en-

graved on the back of his visiting cards a list of the principal excursions to be made from Schmecks, with their respective distances calculated in hours. The club, be it understood, is not precisely an Alpine club, in the English sense of the word. As in the similar cases of the French and Italian Alpine clubs, most of its members have never scaled a peak in their lives, and have no intention of putting their legs, never to speak of their necks, in any peril or discomfort whatsoever. A very few are climbers; some more are naturalists; some are landowners of the neighbourhood; some are steady-going tourists, who resort here for a change of air; the rest are patriotic sympathisers. Nevertheless, the club does a great deal of good in an unpretentious way. Besides, it possesses the prettiest little badge I ever saw, a sprig of *Edelweiss* (*Gnaphalium leontopodium*,) (which grows profusely on the limestone mountains, but never, I think, on the central granite), set in blue and silver, in a circlet bearing the name of the club.

To come now to these mountain excursions, let me begin by explaining that three great peaks dominate Schmecks. Right above it, to the north, is the Schlagendorfer Spitze, I use the German names as, on the whole, more pronounceable, but every peak has also a Slovak, and a Magyar name. This is the only one of the greater Tatra summits which is not so much a pinnacle as a long, high, narrow ridge, one huge mass of loose stones and (at the top) bare crags. Its summit is pretty easily accessible from Schmecks in about four hours' climbing (which a nimble man may reduce to two and a half), at first through the woods, then over wearisome masses of loose blocks. To its east lies a deep valley, perhaps the prettiest and most varied valley in all the Southern Tatra, called the Kohlbach Dale; and beyond the valley the grand peak of the Lomnitzer Spitze (Lomniczi csúcs) (8,642 feet), which, as it used to be considered the highest of all Carpathian summits, was the one which ambitious spirits used most frequently to scale. West of the Schlagendorfer Spitze, and separated from it by the Felka Dale, is the still loftier Gerlsdorfer Spitze (Gerlachfalvi csúcs) (8,721 feet), which has now ousted the Lomnitzer from its old supremacy, just as Deodunga has superseded Kinchinjunga as the highest mountain in the world. All three tops are visible from Schmecks, and in clear weather seem quite close, though it is nearly five good hours to the top of the Lomnitzer, and much more to that of the Gerlsdorfer. In point of difficulty they stand in the order in which they have been named. If anybody likes to compare Schmecks to Zermatt, to which it, in fact, bears no resemblance whatever, he may compare the Schlagendorfer Spitze to the Breithorn, as the easy trip which anyone who merely wants to say he has been on the top of a big mountain will take, the Lomnitzer to Monte Rosa, more interesting as well as somewhat more difficult, and the Gerlsdorfer to the Matterhorn. Of course, the ascents are far less numerous; perhaps not more than fifteen or twenty people achieve the Lomnitzer in a season, and possibly none at all the Gerlsdorfer.

For a long time both were believed to be inaccessible. Then some fifty years ago the Lomnitzer was scaled from the north-east. The expedition continued to be accounted difficult; people took two days to it, and slept out in the woods under the shadow of some huge blocks of stone that they might resume the enterprise early in the morning. Now it is usually despatched in one day from Schmecks, from five to six hours, exclusive of halts, being allowed for the climb, and nearly as much for the descent. But an active walker will find no great difficulty in getting to the top in four hours from Schmecks and back again in three. You first mount through the forest to a point where a lovely view opens up over the Kohlbach Dale, and where consequently a restaurant in the Swiss cottage style has been erected by the club, in front of which people sit and dine and sup in the open air all afternoon and evening. From this you descend into the Kohlbach valley, past its exquisite waterfalls, ascend its north-east arm for some distance to the foot of the peak, and then clamber up a steep and in places rocky slope to the crest of the ridge, where grass finally disappears. A little above this one finds the last drinkable water in what is called the Moses Spring. The Vice-President and another member of the Carpathian Club were with their guides conducting some members of the Vienna Alpine Club to the top of the Lomnitzer. These latter gentlemen, as coming from the lofty Austrian Alps, had been a little contemptuous towards the less elevated Tatra, and in fact pooh-poohed the Lomnitzer. However, the stiff climb up out of the Kohlbach Dale tried them so severely, that on gaining the crest they declared they could go no farther without something to slake their thirst. This the Vice-President promised them at a spring a little higher up. Unhappily when they reached the spot no water was to be seen. The strangers began to reproach Major von Döller. But he was equal to the occasion. "Let us invoke Moses," said he, "who could bring water from the stony rock, and give him ten minutes within which to help us." Moses was accordingly invoked amid the jeers of the Viennese. Sure enough after ten minutes water began to trickle down the rocks, till before long a streamlet was running at which all could drink. The Major had observed that the sun in mounting over the rocks was just striking a snow bed which lay hidden in a cleft some yards higher up, and knew that when the heat had had time to play upon it, water would presently appear. He was, therefore, not afraid to stake his reputation as an officer and a mountaineer upon the event. In memory whereof the spot is called by the guides and others the Moses Spring, even unto this day. The story goes on to add, that when the Viennese came to the difficult part of the ascent—a scramble up and across smooth rocks just below the last peak—they showed considerable disinclination to proceed farther, thought the weather very uncertain, and would, indeed, have failed to reach the summit at all but for the help which the Carpathian Club men gave them. They have never since been heard to speak disrespectfully of the Tatra. This last scramble is a nice little bit of climbing for a party

without a rope. With a rope it would be simple enough, but the rope is never used in the Zips. Lamentable to tell, there is at present a scheme for spoiling it by fixing iron clamps and chains in the rock, which will destroy the slight excitement one now has in getting across the slippery spots by sticking one's finger-nails and the tips of one's toes into chinks and crevices in the granite. The practice (now not uncommon in Switzerland) of chaining the mountains is certainly more efficacious than Xerxes' device of chaining the sea by throwing several pairs of fetters into it. But it revolts a mountaineer's finer feelings; not to mention that it may some day, when the chains have rusted away, lead to a bad accident.

I do not propose to describe in any further detail the ascent of the Lomnitzer Spitze, because we made another ascent more novel and interesting, that of the Gerlsdorfer Spitze. And, indeed, I should be ashamed to add one more to the countless descriptions of ascents laid before the British public during the last twenty years, were it not that they almost all relate to snow slopes and glaciers, ice-walls, seracs, crevasses, bergschrunds, all which things are utterly unknown in the Tatra. Moreover, though at least two distinguished mountaineers, Mr. John Ball and Mr. W. E. Forster, have visited Zips, neither of them—nor, so far as I know, any other Englishman—has described any of its peaks or passes. Let this be my excuse; but if anyone has been sufficiently bored already by these Alpine narratives, let him read no further.

The Gerlsdorfer Spitze rises immediately to the west of the beautiful Felka Dale, and its higher and more northerly top hangs over the pass, the Polnischer Kamm, which leads from that valley into Galicia. This top is the loftiest in all Hungary, 8,721 feet above the sea. It was first ascended, about 1860, by some one whose name has perished, and again in 1872. These two ascents, and several which have been made subsequently, were made by reaching the lower or southerly top, and keeping along the ridge which connects it with the higher, a long and fatiguing excursion, for which eleven hours to go and ten to return are allowed. Three years ago two Slovak peasants living in the village of Stola, eight miles from Schmecks, discovered a new route to the summit, much shorter, much more interesting, and, although more difficult in parts, still on the whole not so laborious. These Slovaks have taken one climber (Mr. Lorencz) to the top, but no one else. This roused our curiosity. As it was a clear duty to ascend the highest Tatra peak, so it would be a decided gain to do so by a route needing less time and toil, and which nobody at Schmecks knew. The Major, exerting his authority as Vice-President, exhorted us to seize the opportunity of serving the club by exploring the new route, and desired us to take a German guide or two with us that they might learn the way, and be able to conduct future parties from Schmecks. Accordingly we despatched a messenger to Stola with a letter to the schoolmaster there, who is also a sort of head of the village, asking him to send the Slovak guide who knew the way up

the Gerlsdorfer. In due time both the Slovaks appeared. As they could not speak a word of any tongue but their own, our conversation with them was carried on through the very obliging trilingual Director at New Schmecks. We asked one of them to come with us up the Gerlsdorfer, assuming that a poor peasant would jump at the offer. But they were too sharp for us. Only on two conditions would they consent, one that they should both go, and the other that no German should go with them. They valued their monopoly of the peak, and were not going to let a Schmecks guide of the hostile race get in to oust them. As we should have been unable to communicate with them without the intervention of a German, and thought it absurd to take three or four guides up a mountain like this, their conditions were promptly rejected; whereupon, with no appearance of disappointment, they shouldered their bundles and vanished. We then reverted to the German guides, proposing to one of them to come and find the way, since the Slovaks would not show it. But all the Germans demurred. The weather, said they, was bad, the expedition was a long one; in fact, they did not like the mountain, being by no means first-rate climbers, inferior to both the Polish guides we had seen on the north side of the Tatra, and to these despised Slovaks.

So, after some days, when the time for our departure drew nigh, and it became plain that if we were to get up we must again try the Slovaks, my friend (Mr. A. S. W. Young) and I started off through the woods alone to Stola. It is a rude hamlet, standing in the corn-fields just below the forest, and thoroughly unlike the trim little villages of the Zipser Saxons. The wooden houses, though substantial, are built of rough logs; they stand all nohow, with seas of mud between them, equally dirty within and without. Against this is to be set the superior beauty of the people, for while the Saxon faces are heavy and tame, and the Saxon figures squat, the Slovak women are often well-favoured, with fresh colour in their cheeks and lips, large and liquid eyes, a mobile and sensitive expression. The schoolmaster occupies a house—the only stone house in the village—standing hard by the church, where he officiates every Sunday in the year except three, when the parson of the parish comes over from the mother-church of Botzdorf. He is a Protestant, a bright intelligent little man, with everything cosy about him, the only man in Stola who can speak either German or Magyar. With his aid we re-discovered one of the Gerlsdorfer guides, and compelled him, his companion being away, to pack up his bundle and follow us. This guide's name was Ruman János, i.e. John Ruman, the Hungarian fashion of putting the Christian name after the surname being generally adopted by the Germans and Slavs in these parts. He was a slim, lithe little creature, with a strange wild eye, in whose keen twinkle slyness was mingled with humour. These Slavs have a peculiar look about them, which I can only describe by saying that as it is unlike that of any other race, so it is most of all unlike that of Teutons, even the primitive Teutons

of Tyrol or Norway. There is usually a basis of solid sense, dull perhaps and slow, but still solid, about the Teutonic expression; as there is often a keen shrewd sense about that of the Celtic peasant. But the Slav gives you rather the feeling of a grown-up child, or some untamed forest creature. His look is mobile, flexile, wandering, with a dash of pathetic timidity, as if impulses and emotions were thrilling through him and determining his actions. Sensitiveness is the note of their faces, a sensitiveness which sometimes attracts and sometimes disquiets. That mystery of race, as someone calls it, which has been the source of so much wretchedness in history, always seems to come out most strikingly when one watches the relations of Teutons and Slavs, and their incapacity to understand one another. Between Frenchmen and Spaniards, or between Englishmen and Italians, the profound opposition seems to be much less.

To return, however, to Ruman, whom we had carried off from his home with Teutonic masterfulness; we took him that night to the Csorba lake, perhaps the prettiest of all the Tatra lakes, as it lies among gentle wooded hills, with the jagged peaks forming a noble background. We had already visited it some days before, riding to it through the woods with a party of Hungarian generals and countesses, the men genial, like all Hungarian men, the ladies charming, like all Hungarian ladies. They had ridden with a troop of attendants all the way to Schmecks from their castle, ten days' journey off in the plains, and were going to ride back again in the same fashion. Even in Hungary, which vies with England as the horse-rearing, horse-loving land, we had never seen finer animals, more handsome, more spirited, and they seemed as much at home in these rough woodland paths, among blocks of stone and fallen trunks, as on the vast levels of the Theiss. But on that day it had rained so steadily, and with so thick a fog, that even on the shores of the lake we could not see across it, much less enjoy the admirable views which it commands in all directions. This evening the elements were more propitious, and the lake with its winding bays, its pine-crested promontories, and the romantic glens, running up into the mountain behind, struck us as perhaps the most perfectly finished piece of landscape in all the Tatra, the spot where one would most wish to place oneself and explore at leisure the surrounding woods and dales. At present there is only a rude shelter-hut, one of those lately erected by the club, where one can just manage, at a pinch, to pass the night. This we did, and next morning mounted from it one of the highest and grandest summits of the Central Tatra, and were driven back to Schmecks, when near the top, by a furious storm of wind and snow, destroying all chance of a view. The following morning promised so much better that soon after six we started for the Gerlsdorfer. The way lies for about an hour through the woods, then descends into the Felka Dale, crosses its stream, and mounting the farther slope, lands one on a wilderness of huge tumbled blocks, with here and there large patches of

Krummholz, that dwarf creeping pine of which I have already spoken. Nothing more fatiguing than the passage across these blocks, so large that one has to clamber over them, so loose that one has to take the utmost care not to send them toppling down, can be imagined, except, indeed, the forcing one's way through the *Krummholz*. I doubt if South African bush can be worse. You can neither get under it, nor over it, nor through it. Its boughs lie so low that you cannot crawl beneath them, grow so close that you cannot squeeze between them, and send up so many vertical shoots that you cannot step above them. They are too tough to be broken or pushed aside, too flexible to bear you when you tread on them; it often takes an hour's hard work, with arms as well as legs, to get across half a mile of such country, not to speak of the tattered condition in which you emerge. In fact, the existence of the *Krummholz*, forming a barrier all along the mountain sides, between the pine forest below and the rock slopes above, is the great obstacle to exploration in the Tatra, for since there are no pastures above, there are no sheep or cattle paths crossing the barrier. The greatest service the club could render would be to cut such paths. After two laborious hours, we found ourselves on the shore of a clear tarn, the Botzsdorfer See, lying cold and solemn in a solitary alpine basin. It is open to the south, looking out over the smiling plain; but north, west, and east, jagged ridges rise steeply from its surface, where only one small patch of green sward relieves the sternness of the scene. A rough scramble from the north-eastern extremity brought us to the foot of the Gerlsdorfer, where a big snow bed lies immediately under a white wall of rock, up which, as we conjectured from Ruman's signs, the way lay. Our work was evidently cut out for us. This rock wall is whitened and polished like marble by a brook which descends over it out of a cleft behind. It is a pleasant little bit of climbing to mount it, along the narrow ledges which traverse its face, till you get behind into the cleft where the stream, fed by the snows above, comes down in miniature waterfalls. Up the stream bed, sometimes in the water itself, we followed the nimble Ruman, though not without difficulty, for the rocks are very steep and give little foothold. He had thrown off the white woollen blanket-like cloak which all Slovaks wear, and taken off his slippers also, to climb more easily. Then he stopped, gazed about from side to side, tried up the main or right hand branch of the gully a little way, turned back, and began to cross horizontally to an exceedingly steep and smooth sheet of granite, to which, we should have thought, nothing but a cat could cling. This sheet of rock abutted at the top on a cliff running across it and cutting us off from the higher slopes of the mountain, while to the left, in the direction Ruman was taking, it ended on the great rock wall which we knew fell sheer down on the basin we had quitted. It was therefore hard to see where the path lay, and we began, not liking; I must confess, the look of this granite sheet, to doubt whether Ruman had not mistaken his way. He had been looking about with a doubtful air to right and

left; was it not because he had forgotten the place by which he had mounted before, and was now leading us at random? It was quite possible that he might be able, a light man with sinewy limbs and bare feet, to wriggle along this smooth face and up one of the crevices in the cliff above; but could we, with nail-studded boots, heavier weights to carry, amateur legs and arms, and not much confidence either in him or ourselves, hope to follow? A rope would have gone far to solve the difficulty, only there was no rope. A few questions to him as to how we were to get over or round the cliff might have satisfied us. But not a word could we exchange, and his vehement speeches fell upon our ears with no more meaning than the cries of the mountain crows that fluttered round. In this extremity, one of us recollected that the Russian word "dobra" means good, and even a slight knowledge of Slavonic philology sufficed to suggest that it might have the same meaning in Slovak. Accordingly, we pointed to the gully to the right, which looked a trifle easier than the place he was making for, and said, interrogatively, "Dobra?" He shook his head violently, with another volley of words. Then we pointed to his place and shook our heads, saying "Niet (not) dobra." But to no purpose, for he only beckoned us on more earnestly. Upon this I followed cautiously across the smooth face of rock, where there was really little, except the friction of the body, to prevent one from slipping away down, and hoisted myself up it to a point from which one could see that at the top, where the transverse cliff came out to the edge of the great precipice falling down to the valley, there was an exceedingly narrow ledge, from which it might be just possible to scale the end of the cliff, and thus get on to the upper region of the mountain. However, it looked so nasty, that when I got down again back to where my friend was carefully surveying the right hand gully, we concluded that it could not be the route described by Mr. Lorenz in the account of his ascent which we possessed, and that Ruman, having somehow lost his way, was trying this course at random. We therefore made another effort to get him to attempt the other gully. When he refused, we descried a steep little *cheminée* (narrow chimney-like hollow) immediately above the spot where we stood (or rather hung on), and urged him with cries of "Dobra" to try up that way. This time he consented, and we followed. Though he climbed like a squirrel, clinging with his long fingers and bare feet to rock faces that looked like the wall of a house, this *cheminée* gave him some little trouble. However, he squeezed himself up, planting his back against one side and working with hands and feet against the other. We mounted a good way, and then halted. It would not perhaps, have been impossible to reach the top, though what had bothered him might well have been hopeless for us. But in mountain climbing there is something more and something worse to be thought of than getting up, to wit, getting down. Whether we could have got down that *cheminée*, without either a rope or broken bones, was to me then, and is still, a very doubtful question. Thus

prudence prevailed, and our ascent of the Gerlsdorfer Spitze appeared to have reached a sudden and shameful conclusion.

We reflected severely on our folly in bringing a guide with whom we could not communicate, and who had no idea of guiding except going on in front, and in not bringing a rope, which would in such a place have made all the difference. We noticed that the weather was ominous; showers of sleet glooming over the peaks, with thunder rattling in the distance. Could we honestly persuade ourselves that it would be useless to go on in such weather? Nearly an hour had been lost at this spot in these various reconnoitrings and flank movements, and poor Ruman, who could be discovered peering like a hawk over the top of the cliff, was visibly unhappy. Was it not possible that we were wronging him, and that he really had brought us, notwithstanding his hesitations, by the right way? We should not have shrunk from trying the course he indicated, however unpromising, if we really believed it to be the one he had followed before. Impossible to turn back without giving him and ourselves another chance; impossible, with the honour of England in our hands, to face Schmecks and the Major. We called and beckoned to Ruman. He descended, not through the cheminée, but farther to the left, apparently by the ledge I have already mentioned. We pushed ourselves towards him along the granite sheets which lay at so high an angle that it was only by pressing the body firmly against the rock, as well as by forcing the toes into little crevices, that we could avoid slipping off to the bottom of the ravine. When we had reached him, we demanded once more if the ledge were *dobra*. He answered affirmatively with more vehemence than ever. A few minutes' cautious clambering brought us to the very edge of the precipice, where the granite sheet against which we lay broke away to the valley beneath, a mural precipice of four or five hundred feet. Here where the cliff which had stopped our ascent up the gully, turning us off to the left over the rock-sheets, ran out on to the precipice, there was left between it (the cliff) and the abyss a little horizontal ledge which looked just big enough for a man to stand on, his face touching the rocks and the ends of his heels sticking out into space. (It was in reality a little wider than this, but I describe it as it looked from below.) Ruman mounted on this ledge, went from it up the face of the cliff, like a cat, and beckoned us to follow. The height of the cliff was at this point about twelve feet, and the handhold good; there are worse places on the Schreckhorn traversed gaily every summer. Still a rope would have been welcome; for though one might find the work in front manageable, it was not easy to forget the yawning gulf behind. However, up we went, Ruman giving us a hand from above. When, fairly at the top, we stopped and looked in one another's faces, the absurdity of the situation, our doubts as to this poor fellow and the existence of his route, his utter perplexity at our hesitancy, his chattering in an unknown tongue, and our ringing the changes upon *dobra*, finally our own strange heedlessness in coming on to a troublesome mountain

without any means of communication, struck us so forcibly that we broke into peals of laughter, which puzzled him more than all that had gone before. After that we never questioned his directions, but followed implicitly, even when our own judgment would have suggested some easier course.

From this point, which is the crux of the mountain, it was a comparatively simple, though steep, rough, and fatiguing scramble of nearly 2,000 feet (which took us about an hour) to the top. You cross several small snow-fields, and climb for a long way up the margin of one which lies so steeply inclined in a deep gully that it would be unsafe to venture on it without a rope and ice-axes. It was amusing to contrast Ruman's extreme caution on the snow slopes, where neither his bare feet nor the slippers which he sometimes put on could take any hold, with the airy way in which he danced about on difficult rocks. No chamois could have been more at home. Of chamois, by the way, we saw two large herds, one numbering ten and the other seventeen, upon the rocks not far above us, and could have had excellent shots more than once. They are seldom or never disturbed here; when a hunt is organised, it is usually on the easier ground of the Schlagendorfer Spitze to the east. The scenery of this upper region of the mountain is intensely savage, and so is the near view from the summit, which we gained about 1 P.M. Around on every side there tower up countless spires and pinnacles of naked rock, capping a maze of narrow ridges with apparently inaccessible sides, all of them nearly as lofty as the point you stand on, and all of the same grim, rain-blackened granite. Such wildness, such desolation, I do not remember to have ever seen in the Alps. There the soft mantle of snow lapping the base of the rocks, and spreading out into broad basins, relieves the beholder with a sense of billowy smoothness. Even a steep snow slope or ice-wall, terrible as it may be to the mind which knows its perils, has a grace of contour, a furry tenderness of surface, a pearly play of light and colour where the sun strikes its crystals, a loveliness of hue in its blue and violet shadows, which make the eye dwell on it with pleasure and content. But here you feel only a fierce monotony of desolation; rugged slopes, harsh outlines, cruel teeth of rock rising all around to threaten you out of a dark grey wilderness. It was a relief to cut off with one's hand this grim foreground, and look beyond it over the rich valleys of Northern Hungary, villages and corn-fields, and swelling wood-clothed hills, or northwards across the deeper forests of Galicia, away to the great plain that stretches unbroken to the Baltic and the Ural Mountains.

The descent was accomplished with no more incidents than an ugly slip or two; the passage of the cliff and ledge proved easier than we had expected, and in less than two hours from the top we were disporting ourselves in the bright waters of the Botzdorf lake. Here we parted with Ruman, whose volubility, though paralysed for the moment by our incomprehensible conduct in jumping into the icy lake, revived more than

ever when we took leave. To judge from the gesticulation which supplied a sort of running commentary, he was exhorting us to return and go up sundry other peaks in his company, indicating those which we should find the toughest. However, what his purport was will never be known now. He went on his way rejoicing down to Stola, which lies seven miles off immediately below the Botzdorf lake, while we turned our faces, Schmecks-ward, across the weary waste of stones and *Krummholz*. Stopping frequently to enjoy the sunset, we did not get near home till night was falling, and once more lost our way in the woods, wandering about quite close to the houses for nearly an hour till we descried a light. The whole expedition requires, according to the Schmecks authorities, sixteen hours. But this is the calculation of Germans, who, though they are sure, are also undeniably slow. A nimble walker, wishing to save time, might quite well get to the top and back in eleven hours, while a Slovak sprite like Ruman might accomplish it in nine.

Looking over the proofs of these pages, they seem to me to give in some respects too highly coloured, in others an inadequate, picture of the attractions of Zips. Let no one go thither who is not prepared to rough it. Schmecks (though clean) is not luxurious; and outside Schmecks even passable accommodation is not to be had. At Schmecks itself, the excursions, except a very few short and easy ones, are only fit for an active pedestrian; so that a lady or a lazy man might find it monotonous, especially as he will have nobody to talk to unless he talks either German or Hungarian. Then, as to the professional alpinist, he will hardly be consoled by the excellence of the rock-climbing for the absence of his favourite snow and ice. On the other hand, I have omitted many excursions which deserve description, as, for instance, the famous Ice Cave at Dobschau, some twenty-three miles from Schmecks; Kesmark, a quaint little Saxon city, with the ruins of the noble old castle of the Counts Tököly; the descent of the rapids of the Dimojee, not to speak of smaller and less notable expeditions. And I have but faintly conveyed a sense of the delicious freshness and wildness of the scenery, with its savage peaks rising out of its sombre forests; still less, perhaps, of the charm which the simple, free and easy Hungarian life, the frank and hearty manners of the people have for any one who can find himself in sympathy with them. After a week or two among the Magyars, one can enter into the spirit of the national adage—an adage which a late respected missionary, a staid Scotchman, sent to Pesth by the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, is said to have been fond of repeating:—

“Extra Hungariam non est vita,
Vel si quidem est, non est ita.”

JAMES BRYCE.

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WOMAN WITH TEARS IN HER GREAT EYES.

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Susanna: an Introduction.

CHAPTER I.

EMPTY HOUSES.



BEFORE the game of chess begins to be played, the heroes and heroines of the coming catastrophe are to be seen in orderly array. There is nothing to tell in which direction the fortunes of the board will drift. The kings sit enthroned by their spirited partners; the little guards of honour are drawn up in serried lines, prepared, if necessary, to fall for their colours; the bishops are in their places, giving the sanction of the Church to the dignities of State. The

impetuous knights are reining in those fiery steeds that are presently to curvet, in wayward leaps, all over the field; the castles, with flying flags, flank the courts at either end. And so in story telling, when the performance begins, the characters are to be seen, quietly drawn up in their places, and calmly resting before the battle. There are, as we all know, four castles to every game of chess. If I look at my chequered plain I see on one side a grey fortress standing in its wide domain, guarding the lands that lie between the hilly lake country and the Scottish borders. At the other end of my story, where the red court is assembled, a shabby little stronghold is standing in a walled garden, not far from Paris. As for the other two castles, they are both empty ones. They belong to Colonel John Dymond of Wimpole Street, and of Crowbeck Place in Lancashire.

What a strange, indefinable feeling there is about empty houses. The London house was blind-drawn, dingy, and in order. The portrait of the late Mrs. Dymond hung in the drawing-room, with the shrouded candelabra; she was painted full length, in blue satin, going to a ball. In the back drawing-room—fitted with its many couches, faded cabinets, brass rails, screens, Parian statuettes—hung the Colonel himself, in his uniform. It was a half-finished picture, in water-colour, begun by Mrs. Dymond many years ago. The drawing represented a good-looking man with black moustachios which have since turned grey. She had left it behind when the family went off to the Colonel's country-house one summer, and the poor lady never came back to finish that or any of the other things she had begun. She had been a feeble, incapable woman, nervous, and jealous by nature; and her death was more of a shock than a sorrow to her husband. The children cried, and then wiped their tears; the Colonel looked very grave, went abroad all dressed in black, and sent Jo and Tempy, his son and daughter, to Bolsover Hall, their uncle's house, for a time; and then the town-house and the country-house were shut up both together, instead of alternately as heretofore. The Colonel often went abroad. He found his homes very sad.

But when the country-house was closed, it never seemed quite so deserted as Wimpole Street. The echoes were less startled; the doors did not creak so forlornly. Crowbeck Place was not far from Mr. Bolsover's more stately hall, and the young people used often to go over and stray about the Place-garden and eat the unripe fruit and pick the flowers; and Mr. Bolsover used to fish in the grounds; and Miss Bolsover, the late Mrs. Dymond's sister, used occasionally to spend a day there, opening old cupboards, examining drawers and store-closets, and seeking for mysterious articles, which she wished to put by for her niece Tempy, she said. She also read any letters that happened to be lying about for the Colonel.

Crowbeck Place stood on the slope of a meadow shelving to the lake. Jo and his sister liked it ever so much better than the Hall; they delighted in the silence, the liberty, the sense of ease that seemed to meet them at the very gates of the old Place. At the Hall everything was fenced, and clipped, and boxed up, including Tempy and Jo themselves; whereas here they were free—the land, the sky, the sunlight, the water, each element seemed a new happiness to them. Their Aunt Fanny discarded the elements altogether from her system of education: for her water meant eau-de-cologne; land was the family estate; air was what came in through the carriage window; and fire, if it shone in the shape of sunlight, was to be carefully fenced off with spotted net and parasols.

Their aunt, Mrs. Bolsover, was the very contrary to her sister-in-law, Miss Fanny. She loved exercise, she liked it straight and serious, a waterproof and a road by an iron railing suited her temper best; she was grim, but the young folks had more sympathy for her than for Miss Bolsover with all her graces.

"I wouldn't be like Aunt Fanny not for a thousand pounds," says Jo.

"She is such a coward," he continues aggrieved, "she spends her life screaming, spying, making mischief, and writing poetry, and she would like you and me to do the same."

"How can you exaggerate so!" said Tempy.

Tempy was very serious, and never laughed. Jo was a lanky boy, with red hair and an odd humorous twinkle in his face. Tempy was a Dymond, people said, and took after her father's family. As for Jo, nobody could tell exactly what he was; he was not a Bolsover, nor was he like the Dymonds; and he certainly took after nothing that anybody held up for his edification.

Families are odd combinations; they seem to have an existence which is quite distinct from that of each individual member of which they are composed. We know of enthusiastic families, of grasping families, of matter-of-fact families, of others desponding, cheerful, noisy, fanciful. There is also a family standard of right and wrong and of discretion and indiscretion which is quite independent of private feeling and conscience. Some families will talk where others preserve an absolute silence, some families make jokes where others are serious.

The Dymonds were by some people called a cranky family, they all went their own way, they were precise and confiding, serious and discreet; the Bolsovers, with whom they had intermarried, were people of the world, more easy-going, and more conventional too. A Dymond might do wrong but he would not call it right. A Bolsover, at the worst, made things pleasant with a joke, and so got out of the difficulty. Colonel Dymond's wife had been a Bolsover, Mr. Bolsover's wife was a Dymond. The unmarried Miss Bolsover remained; at one time she was living not with her own brother who rarely left the Hall, but with her brother-in-law, the Colonel, who spent eight months of the year in London and four more at the Farm, or "Place," as it was called by the country folks.

Tarndale Water is not the least beautiful of the Cumberland lakes, although it is comparatively little known. The swallows have found it out, and dart hither and thither along the banks; tourists come there from time to time, not in shoals, but sparingly and by chance; now and then a solitary figure toils round the head of the lake by the Hall. A little pathway across the sloping fields leads from the Hall to Crowbeck—an old building, made green with delicate ivy and frothed with the white spray of the convolvulus; its porch is heavy with purple clematis. The two children as they talk are travelling along the sloping field early one summer morning. Fragrant woods and meads and hedges seem trembling with life and song. The whole place is athrill: the swifts go darting hither and thither; birds are singing their summer jubilee; beetles, gnats, midges, are buzzing in the air and droning in chorus; the fishes are darting among the brown shallows. The encircling hills seem

nearer now than later in the day. Everything is awake and astir and alive with that indescribable life of the field and the waters: the cows are cropping the long grass down by the water-side: the dew is shining on the delicate leaves, one single drop is brimming in each emerald trefoil cup, the white and lilac weeds are sparkling in the sunlight; the banks cast long shadows into the water; the queen-of-the-meadows is scenting the air with her fragrant white blossom, a great honeysuckle head rises above the hedge. Jo and his sister go struggling across the long grass, following each other. Jo climbs a stile built according to the fashion of the country, where slabs of slate are let into the wall. The little calves in the adjoining field start off running, with their long tails arched as they fly past. Tempy screams like her aunt, and stands, hesitating, on the top of the stile.

"Don't be afraid, Tempy," says Jo; "you are much more likely to eat the poor little calves than they are to eat you."

Encouraged by this assurance, Miss Tempy jumps and goes plodding after her brother towards the little boat-house, whither they are bound. It stands among pines on a narrow tongue of land jutting out into the lake.

"We are late," says Tempy, "there will be a scene!"

"Let them rave," says Jo, sententiously.

"Aunt Fanny wouldn't like to miss her fun," says Tempy sarcastically, "we shall all be dressed up and enjoying ourselves, and forgetting poor Charlie, and he will be going off alone to that horrible tutor's. It was cruel of them, wasn't it not to let him stay over to-day?"

"I'm glad I am not an orphan," says Jo, "or Aunt Fanny's ward. It is all her doing."

"Jo, I can bear it no longer," says his sister. "I have written to papa. You may read my letter if you like," and she pulled a paper out of her pocket and put it into his hand.

"Bolsover, July 28.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—I am afraid it will be a disagreeable surprise to you to get this letter. It is to implore you to send for us at once. I thought you were coming home, and I waited patiently, but now that you have put us off again, I can be silent no longer. We do *so* hate being here. Aunt Car would be kind enough if Aunt Fanny would let her, but she never lets anyone alone. She watches us, and suspects us of I don't know what, and never believes a word we say; she burnt some verses only yesterday that poor Charlie Bolsover had written for me; she reads all our letters; she is having him sent away in disgrace because he played cards down at the hotel. I would scrub, I would eat dry bread, I would do *anything* to please you, if only you will send for us at once, but I will not submit to Aunt Fanny; indeed, this is no childish outburst. I cannot bear injustice, no more can Jo, and we long to come to you. Please write at once, and we might come by the next train.—Your miserable

TEMPY."

Jo whistled and pulled a long face as he read. "Is not this rather strong?" said he doubtfully. He was not without some admiration for his sister's style, but he felt that the Colonel might justly expect some more definite grievances to justify him in sending for them.

"It is only the truth," says Tempy, "and papa will understand. I have a great mind not to go to the Vivians, Jo," she said gloomily and walking as fast as ever she could.

"You can do as you like," said her brother, stooping to drag up the old boat, that was disporting itself in the sunshine tethered by its chain. "Hullo! she is full of water. I suppose Charlie was out again last night. Give me that tin kettle, Tempy."

A tin kettle was lying in the dew-spangled grass, and Tempy flung it to her brother. He began baling the water with great energy, the water splashed into the shining lake, the boat rocked, the fishes fled in shoals alarmed by the disturbance. A few minutes more the little boat was zigzagging across the lake in very workmanlike fashion. Jo was rowing, Tempy sat steering; when the boy looked up he could see his sister's red hair and round pink face against the soft landscape. Jo himself, in his ragged straw hat and flannel shirt, was not an unpicturesque figure. He was pale, and slight, with very speaking blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows. He had heavy red locks, that he sometimes tossed back with an impatient jerk. By degrees Tempy forgot her grievances.

A worse humour than Tempy's might have been charmed to peace by the sweet sights of that early morning; the heavens and the earth were shining and astir, a thousand ripples were flowing in from the far end of the lake; the sunny slopes were dotted with farmsteads, stretching up, on one side, to where the long moors rolled purple with the heather, while on the other, behind the sweet pastoral country, lay, like dream-land itself, the long line of the mountains, quivering through veils of light, in that region where heaven and earth meet, the boundary, not of one horizon alone, but of all we hope to see in life. Lovely, indefinite, beyond our reach, those distant crests speak of more than all the summer glory round about.

After a time they come to a little landing-place, green and overgrown with ivy; one or two boats are floating there among the weeds and clanking their rusty chains; an old owl-tower has been converted into a boat-house, towards which Jo paddles, skilfully steering the old punt to the steps. The sound of a distant bell comes floating along the water.

"Late!" says the boy. Then he leaps to shore, leaving his sister to follow, and they hurry off as hard as they can go to breakfast.

They meet a bronzed figure coming along the gravel drive, with a post-bag slung to its shoulders, and a battered straw hat. This is Mrs. Wilson, the postwoman of the district.

"Good-day, Mr. Dymond! good-day, Miss Dymond! there's a letter for ye up at t'hall: a furren stamp letter fra the Colonel. We shall soon have him home."

She trudges on and Jo sets off running. Tempy hesitates for a moment, and then calls after Mrs. Wilson :—

"Here is a letter, Mrs. Wilson ; will you post it for me ?"

"T'woan't go till to-morrow, miss," says the postwoman.

"Never mind, take it," says Tempy hastily. "To-morrow will do."

Mrs. Wilson grins, and drops it into her leather bag. The deed is done. Aunts, breakfast, letters, Uncle Bolsover, the *Times*, were all to be found in the big dining-room at Bolsover Hall punctually by nine o'clock every morning. Jo and Tempy are ingredients less accurately to be counted upon. To-day, they find Aunt Fanny, as usual, reading her own and everybody else's correspondence. Her head is a little on one side, she is softly preoccupied, and her white fingers beat a gentle tattoo upon the papers. Aunt Car is pouring out strong tea with a serious countenance. Uncle Bolsover seems absorbed in the *Times*, of which he actively climbs column after column every morning before breakfast ; there is a dead silence as the young folks come in ; evidently something is amiss.

Tempy opens her eyes, looks round, says, "good morning," in a loud inquiring voice.

"Good morning, Tempy," says Aunt Bolsover, drily.

"Good morning, my dear," says Aunt Fanny, with a sort of "what next ?" intonation.

"Where is my letter, Aunt Fanny ?" says Tempy, aggressively. "Mrs. Wilson told me there was one from papa."

"Here it is," says Aunt Fanny, daintily turning over the heap of papers before her, "I opened it by mistake," and she looked full at her niece as she spoke.

"I wish you wouldn't open my letters by mistake," says Tempy, throwing the envelope back. "Since you have read it, Aunt Fanny, you can answer it and tell papa why."

"I opened it by accident, Tempy," says Aunt Fanny, impressively ; "you need not look so tragical. I have *not* read your letter."

"Dear, dear," says Uncle Bolsover, looking very red. "Don't let us waste time over discussion ; we ought to be off at ten, and you, none of you are dressed."

"I suppose you have been to see the Charlieboy off," says Miss Bolsover, still daintily dealing out her papers. Her reticule was a sort of lion's mouth into which they disappeared by degrees—announcements, warnings, denunciations ; no one ever measured the contents of that velvet maw.

"Do you mean Charlie ? We went part of the way with him," said Jo. "We didn't want to miss the lunch, so we came back. I say, Tempy, it's half-past nine. It's time to get ready."

"Poor boy," says Tempy, gloomily, pushing her cup away. "It is time for us to amuse ourselves, and for him to go off alone to that horrid place."

"Well, well, let us hope Charles will like his tutors when he is used

to it," says Uncle Bolsover as mediator. "I was at a private tutor's once myself; sent there in disgrace, too. I assure you I never was happier in my life. We had some capital fun at Tickle's, I remember."

"My dear Fred," said Aunt Fanny, "we hope for something better than *fun* for our Charlie."

Uncle Bolsover's remark was deemed inappropriate by Aunt Fanny, but it comforted Tempy, who got up with a dramatic toss of the head and left the room to get ready.

The more angry Tempy seemed, the more sweet and silvery was Miss Bolsover; she undulated up the broad staircase after her niece, who bounced up to her own room, banged the door, burst into tears, rang violently for her maid, wiped her eyes, and then proceeded in hot haste to put on a very smart, tight, braided costume, which distracted her by degrees from her troubles. When she appeared ready to start, with an ivory parasol in her hand, it would have been difficult to recognise the calico nymph of the lake in the fashionable young person bustling along the passage on high heels. Jo was also completely transformed—not for the better—and Uncle Bolsover had assumed knickerbockers for the occasion. The carriage was ready to take them to the station, the train was waiting to convey them to the feast; it was a long journey thither, to the place where a hospitable old castle opened its ancient halls once a year to the neighbouring villages. As the train flew along, Tempy's spirits improved, and Aunt Fanny herself became less irritatingly amiable. Aunt Bolsover, bolt upright, sat looking through the window. Uncle Bolsover ran his usual comment upon things in general, addressing an old gentleman, the only passenger besides themselves in the carriage—

"Very fine, but very flat all about here, sir—very flat indeed."

CHAPTER II.

IN A GIG.

THE North of England is essentially a romantic country. To a southerner, used to narrow enclosures, to thick grown hedges, to close-packed villages all peaceful and economical of space and emotion, there is something very impressive in widespread chases, in horizons that heave mile beyond mile, in great moors and fells, cloud-swept perpetually. These moors stretch for miles on either side of the long lines of railway, hiding away many a secret. There is a mystery of sylvan life, a treasure of rushing waters, of deep glens and valleys, a whole hidden world concealed below the surface of these plains that spread flat, unbroken to all appearance as far as eye can strain. If you cross them you become intimate with their secrets, unsuspected depths of green and rocky terrace open at your very feet, you look down into beautiful chasms thrilling

with life, swept by slanting light and shadow ; a tumult of waters echoes from the green depths, a sweet overflow of vegetation droops to meet the spray, flowers and ferns start from the shining rocks. These wild glens and plains, at once tender and austere ; all these places in their loneliness and beauty, seem to me to express the very spirit of endurance and romance which exists in some people who certainly would not consciously seek a reflection of themselves in the rocks and plains which delight them."

While Jo and Tempy were scudding along the iron rails, a country gig had been driving for miles across great grass fields, where young colts were galloping in the sunshine, and inside the gig were two people, a little man with a long nose, and a girl in a white dress and straw hat, making her happy discoveries—exclaiming delighted, beshaken, perched so high up that she could see into the first-floor windows of the little towns as they drove through them, and look for miles and miles across the plains and valleys of the country they had crossed.

"Shall we soon be at the station, cousin John?" said the girl, "I hope grandpapa won't have to wait. How beautiful everything looks."

She leant back as she spoke, the horse swerved, and a whole horizon of clouds, of far-away Cumberland hills, seemed to revolve before her eyes.

"We shall be there in ten minutes," said cousin John. "Can you make out the sea, Susy? Look, there it is shining in the hollow. Yes, you have seen something of the country at last, and you'll like to be able to say you have lunched at the Castle."

Susy looked doubtful.

"Must we go on there?" she said, hesitating, and anything but enthusiastic.

"Dear me; not go," answered cousin John, "why they sent a telegram to ask us. I knew Mrs. Vivian would be glad to see any friends of mine. Look, Roman remains," continued the Doctor, pointing with his whip handle, and doing the honours.

Susy looked as she was bid, and while she looked the horse kept on its way. It did not take ten minutes to travel past as many centuries of time, and to pass from the handiwork of the Roman to the great tower of the old abbey church sunning itself in the morning light. The delicate high arches were casting their shadows on a placid sward of green, where sheep were browsing. Then they came to a bridge which crossed the stream beyond the valley, and the Doctor's whip now pointed to a wooden height beyond the bridge.

"The Castle is over there," said he, "but the road winds round by the station. And then in four minutes more they had reached the station, not of Roman legions, but of civilisation in its progress.

A train had just come in, and some people were getting out of the carriages on to the platform.

"There he is!" said the Doctor, with a cheerful wave of the hand. "Pretty punctual, eh? Jump down, Susy, don't be shy; walk him up

to the Castle. They quite expect you. I will join you there as soon as I can."

Susy gathered her white skirt together and jumped as she was told; for a minute she stood in the middle of the road, then she turned, nodded good-bye to cousin John, and with a bright look ran to meet her grandfather, who was standing at the far end of the platform. He was a tall, handsome, old man, dressed in a clergyman's black flapping coat; he stooped a little as he walked. Susy was a slight, bright-looking girl, with a dazzling complexion, and a round innocent-looking face; she did not stoop, but walked straightly and freely, looking like some young nymph from the plains below; as she passed, some people standing by made way. The old man seemed not a little perturbed as the girl came up, and kissed him with a "Here I am, grandpapa!"

"Are you alone, Susanna? where is cousin John? what are we to do now? where are we to go? which is the way?" said he nervously.

"Cousin John showed me the way, grandpapa. He is coming back for us," said Susanna, speaking more confidently than she felt, and pointing vaguely up a road. "There are some other people going to the Castle; we can follow them, you know."

Susy and her grandfather did not hurry to pass the people who were walking ahead; they were glad to be preceded by so imposing a party whose presence seemed to shield their own insignificance. Susy admired the important air of the two splendid ladies in brown and crimson, of the fashionable young lady with the pink parasol. There were also two gentlemen of the party: one was a short, fat, good-natured-looking little man, in knickerbockers; the other was a pale, very young man, who whirled an umbrella as he walked along. Susy might look with vague admiration at the prosperous presentable set of people who seemed so used to the world, to great houses, to open-air festivals; she did not know how far more sympathetic a sight to world-worn eyes was the fresh young apparition of the smiling, wondering girl as she advanced with her gentle, old protector. The two came together, crossing sunshine and shadow, the deer scarcely fled at their approach, the whole summer world was alight. There was a stirring of birds in the air, a far-off shout of children's voices, then the sound of the clock came up the avenue to meet them striking clearly.

"The school-children must be there, already, grandpapa," said Susy, "is it one o'clock?" and Mr. Holcombe pulled out his old-fashioned silver watch, and said—

"Yes; I suppose so, my dear; my watch is a little slow; I thought it had been earlier."

Everything was so sweet, so silent, so splendid in the sunshine that both Susy and her grandfather by degrees forgot their shyness. The two lingered for a minute to look, through an open door, at an old-fashioned garden of lilies and yew hedges, to stare back at the solemn old chase, beyond which the Cumberland hills were floating; then they reached the

moat, flooded with shining green leaves, and Susy stopped again, ivy-charmed. Perhaps some spell left long years ago by belted Will himself, the once owner of the old keep, had reached her. Meanwhile the fashionable figures of to-day had disappeared through the gateway, and when the two inexperienced visitors came up in turn, the company had vanished utterly, no one was to be seen anywhere. They now had come to a low archway, leading to the Castle court. There was a bell swinging to a long iron chain, which Susy boldly pulled, but no one answered; no one was to be seen in the courtyard; it was all enclosed by old walls and latticed windows and paved with flagstones and soft green turf—once Susy caught sight of a rosy little child's face at a lattice, but then it vanished. A scent of jessamine was everywhere; it seemed as if the very stones gave out a perfume. Some great Scotch deerhounds were lying asleep upon the turf, and came slowly trotting up to the strangers to be petted, then they turned and lay down to sleep in their sunny corner again.

"But where are we to go?" said Mr. Holcombe, again.

Susy looked at her grandfather, and seeing his distressed expression, began to be a little bit frightened too.

"Can this be the right Castle?" said the girl, half-laughing still. "I wonder where those people went to; where can all the school children be? I think this must be the way, grandpapa," and she turned under a second gateway, where a scutcheon of carved stone hung among the rose sprays.

Grandpapa stooped his handsome old head, and followed her. They passed up a narrow passage, the adventurous Susy pushed a swing door, crossed a small antechamber, and suddenly stopped short. A sudden blaze and clatter met them—they had come wrong—and wandered into the great Gothic kitchen of the old Castle, reflecting fire and sunshine and brass saucepans, full of people and preparations. Women were busy, chopping and thumping, men with trays were passing busily across the flagged stones; the fires burnt as if it were December, instead of August; long processions of eatables stood ready on the dressers, jellies in shining armour, creams propped by gabions, fierce stacks of serried pastry, cairns of buns. All these preparations did not seem incongruous with the solemn old arches over head, or the great oriel window shining down upon the busy scene. Beautiful things are like beautiful people, and rarely out of harmony with their surroundings. Susy might have been amused, if it had not been for her grandfather's nervous look; she had never before realised his terror of strange sights and places; but if she was dismayed, she did not show it, she stood a composed white figure in the midst of the carnival, turning round as if to protect her dear old protector, and at this moment a serious looking man, who might have been the master of the place, so dignified and urbane was he, came forward:—

"Excuse me, you have taken the wrong turning," he said; "will you kindly follow me?" and he led them across the kitchen, and opened a

side door, and from thence ushered them into a great vaulted hall. It looked as big as the cathedral itself, to Susy, with arches and windows, with pictures and armour everywhere, with people sitting at distant tables at the farther end, and the sound of voices echoing from arch to arch. The trophies of armour were stacked at intervals, iron knights stood with steel legs propped on to pedestals, wielding battle-axes in their iron hands; there were portraits of warriors who wore frills upon their mail, of statesmen in puffed sleeves, of ladies with high heels and coronets. It was a very noble gathering all along the wall, a company whose coronets on earth had long since, let us hope, been exchanged for coronets in heaven.

Some of the people sitting at table looked up and saw these two strangers come in suddenly among them. Susy and her grandfather seemed like figures out of some old Scotch ballad, so quaint, so shy, so unconsciously dignified were they, with something not of everyday life appertaining to them. Their clothes were country clothes, their faces looked calm and tranquil as country faces do. They advanced, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and sat down in the seat the butler pointed out. Susy was an undoubted presence; you could not pass her over although she had scarcely been beyond the yew hedges of her grandfather's rectory until now. She had some beauty, though she thought herself so plain, for her round face did not please her own taste, nor did her hazel eyes so liquid, so prominent—they could laugh, they could call, they could weep on occasion, or they could become stone and seem asleep for days together.

Susy found herself sitting next to the party of people they had followed up from the station. The young lady was at the head of the table; the young man, looking very small, was between the two grand ladies; and the fat gentleman in the velvet costume was next to Susy herself. He looked very friendly, made way for her, turned about to see what there was for them to eat, drink, and be merry with.

"Cold grouse," said the gentleman. "Excellent salad; I can recommend the cutlets. Tempy, can you hand me that dish of mayonnaise? Our hosts are in the tents," he explained, "but they wish us to help ourselves. You went wrong, I'm afraid; I had half a mind to come back, and look for you. I sent the butler to find you."

"Thank you," said Susy, opening her eyes; and Mr. Holcombe bent forward, and said in his pretty old-fashioned way:—

"It was truly kind of you, sir, to concern yourself on our behalf. My granddaughter and I are strangers here; and have indeed no real right to be present on this occasion."

"Oh, we have all a right to be here," said the gentleman, "since our hosts are hospitable people. I don't know if I can be of any use, showing you over the grounds. I am sure I shall be very glad. Here is my niece, she has seen nothing yet; and he looked at the young

lady who was munching away with a hearty appetite, at the head of the table.

"Don't look at *me*, Uncle Bolsover," said the niece, in a loud voice; "I'm not near ready, yet. I'm perfectly ravenous." Tempy, as she predicted, had recovered her temper and her appetite too. Leaning forward to Susy, she said, "What time did you leave home?"

"Not very early. We are staying at Carlisle," said Susy, shyly. "I drove over with the cousin, who brought us here."

"Well, he should have taken better care of you," said the young lady; "and now mind you keep by us."

"Hush, my dear Tempy, don't speak so loud," whispered one of the grand ladies, the grimmest of the two, bending forward emphatically.

She was dressed in red and brown and green. She was plain-featured and rather alarming Susy thought. The other lady was plump, fair, affected with a curious little, tiresome, silvery laugh, which went tinkling on perpetually; she had twinkling diamond earrings, a marabout in her bonnet, and a quantity of beautiful old lace round her throat and wrists, and an elaborate manner. As for the girl, she was pink-cheeked and red-haired, fresh and bouncing; she seemed quite used to the world and its ways; she had a loud voice, a military decision and good-natured directness, and gave one an impression somehow of being in uniform. The young man seemed to be receiving a great deal of advice with a great deal of indifference, and with an occasional glance at Miss Tempy, who openly shrugged her broad shoulders. Susy sat wondering at everything in her demure fashion, everybody seemed to her wonderfully kind, from the butler to the invisible hosts; she was fascinated by her new acquaintance, and the fat gentleman's attentions pleased her grandfather too.

Some days have a way of lighting up beyond all others with a peculiar happiness of their own, a bright intensity never to be dimmed again so long as life exists; and this day was one of these; many sad days came for Susy after this happy one, that seemed so warm, so long, so full of enjoyment, the present was better than anything she had ever dreamt of—and indeed, to the young, both joy and sorrow, when they come in their turn, seem greater than they could have ever imagined. Susanna Holcombe was eighteen, the sun was shining, the feudal Castle was rearing its grand old walls—the birds were in the air. Everybody else was happy, and why should not Susy take the delight of the hour? She had established a tacit understanding with the friendly fat gentleman. The young one was so kind as to offer her some mustard; Miss Tempy seemed already a friend for life, so communicative had she become over her chicken. A loud shouting in the court outside put an end at last to the luncheon: they all got up, and went to the door at the far end of the great hall; it led on to a little terrace, upon which they all crowded, for the courtyard below was invaded by a chubby pacific mob which must have surprised the knights in armour used to such a different tradition. The company from the hall was met by a tre-

mendous cheer as it appeared—which the master of the house, who stood laughing at the head of this invading force, signed to Mr. Bolsover to acknowledge; and Mr. Bolsover, quite in his element, immediately made a low bow, and began a speech which was more or less appropriate and inaudible.

I am not going to describe at length the programme of the day's festival; for Susy, the story might have been told not in tents and buns, and games in the ring, but from more delightful and less tangible aspects.

Dr. John was delighted when he arrived to find his protégés in such good company. Sir Walter Vivian himself was showing Mr. Holcombe the old moated garden; and Susy, arm-in-arm with her new friend, met him with a beaming smile.

"Dear me, Susy, has Miss Dymond taken you under her wing?" said Dr. John. "I was unavoidably delayed at the inn by an accident. I am glad to find you have been so well looked after. How do you do, Mrs. Bolsover? How do you do, Miss Bolsover?"

The grand ladies acknowledged the little Doctor's salutation with their finger tips, and meanwhile Miss Tempy dragged Susy away and went on cross-questioning her all the way across the lawn; along the terrace, all down the steps.

"Don't you think Tempy an odd name? I am sure you never knew anybody else called Tempy. It was poor mamma's name, you know; she was Temperance, and they christened me Tempy. Those are my two aunts, Aunt Car and Aunt Fanny, brought us up that sort of thing; dragged us along by main force, my brother says. Have *you* got a brother?"

"I have two little half-brothers," said Susy, "but I see them very rarely. My mother has married again. I live with my grandfather."

"Oh," said the other, "we don't like second marriages. I should never allow it, nor my aunts either. Papa always consults me—at least, he generally does," says Tempy; "but I have had a great deal to try me lately. I can't tell you about it. Never, never allude to the subject, to me or to anybody else. How old are you?"

"I am just nineteen," said Susanna, apologetically. "I know I look much younger."

"And I'm not yet sixteen," said Miss Tempy, with a sudden explosion of laughter, "who would ever imagine you so many years older than me? But you don't know me yet. Miss Martin often says there is a great deal more in one than people have any idea of at first. I suppose you think me plain, don't you?" says Miss Tempy, blinking her blue eyes. "It is a pity, isn't it?—one doesn't do oneself justice, though, of course, looks don't matter."

"I don't think you plain at all," said Susy laughing, "looks do matter a little, I suppose; but a great many ugly people have been very happy, and good."

"Well, papa likes my looks," said Miss Tempy, only half satisfied,

"and of course I care more for his opinion than for anybody else's." As they talked they were walking along a beautiful fern-grown pathway that led towards the gorge, where the waters were tumbling over the stones. To Susy every common-place word was idealised by the rushing of the waters in the gully below, by the stately "vanguard of pines" that ruled the summit of the hill. Some of the children had straggled up into this beautiful wild grove, and were gathering the bluebells that grew among the ferns. The light was turning yellow, and the shadows were beginning to grow long.

Before parting, Susy's new friend, in return for so much confidence, had made her describe her home, old Betty the cook, the tranquil rectory by the churchyard, the old yew tree by the church-door.

"And what is your mother like?" says Tempy.

"My mother," said Susy, and her whole face brightened, "she is very beautiful and very very dear and gentle. She has brown eyes and a lovely face. I'm like my father, people say. Nobody ever could be like mamma again."

But here cousin John came running after them, calling out that it was time to go.

"Take your grandfather back to the train, or we shall have him climbing the Maypole, or running in a hurdle race. Was not I right to make him come?"

Susy thought she had never seen her grandfather look so well and animated. He had charmed the whole party by his gentle, old-fashioned grace; he laughed, his cheeks were flushed, his eyes looked bright. He looked ten—twenty years younger than when he arrived.

"It has been a happy day, a very happy day, my dear," he said, as they were both going back together by themselves. The Bolsovers were in another carriage, and Susy and her grandfather were alone.

"Sir Walter knew your father, my dear, he had a brother in the same regiment. He was kind enough to ask us to return on some future occasion; if we revisit our good cousin, I certainly hope to see those kind people again."

All the way back Mr. Holcombe sat up, talking very brightly. Susy was even surprised at her grandfather's audacity in venturing to laugh when she talked of her new friends. "They amused me, my dear," said the old gentleman, "the ladies were not without pretension, but I am glad you got on with them."

They found the Doctor's wife and her little girls looking out for their return. The curtains were drawn, the supper was laid, the little parlour looked home-like and comfortable; a fire was burning in the hearth, and it was reflected in the round glass that hung on the opposite wall.

"I thought you might be cold after your journey," said the Doctor's wife, in her usual querulous tone. "What an expedition you have had; will John be back to-night?"

"He won't be long, cousin Ellen," said Susy. "It has all been

perfectly delightful, and grandpapa is not a bit tired." As she spoke, her grandfather sank down wearily into a seat.

"A long day, my dear Ellen, but a very pleasant one," said grandpapa. He sat with his arms resting on the arms of the chair. He had lost his bright look, and was paler than usual.

"Well you must rest to-morrow before your journey," said the Doctor's wife. "I'm sure I can't think why you don't stay longer, cousin Edward."

"I'll take a good rest to-morrow," said cousin Edward. "It is very good of you and John not to be weary of such a cranky old fellow as I am; but I want to get home, Ellen."

Ellen, who was a good soul at heart, though a grumbling friend, now began ringing the bell and preparing Mr. Holcombe's supper, telling him that he must not think of waiting for her husband. "Don't you marry a Doctor whoever you take, Susy: morning, noon, and night, there is never an hour one can count upon them. Well, who was there, and what was it all like?"

While Susy chattered on of castles, drawbridges, knights in armour, the old man drank his hot soup, broke a bit of bread, and tasted a little wine. Then Mr. Holcombe got up, saying he was tired and should go to rest. "Good-night," he said, and he kissed Susy very tenderly. Afterwards she remembered that he raised his hands and put them on her head, as if in benediction.

"Your grandfather's tired to-night; but he is a young-looking man for his time of life," said cousin Ellen, as he left the room. "We are a young-looking family, Susy, what age should you give me." The Doctor's wife did not wait for an answer, to Susy's great relief, but wandered on. "Lou and Bessie don't look their age, either," she said. "Poor girls, they are disappointed to think you won't stay a little longer now you are here: why, you have seen nothing yet."

And this was true enough; except for that day's expedition, Susy's *impressions de voyage* had been confined to the smoky Cathedral tower, the statue in the market-place, and the hucksters crying their wares all round about it, to the Doctor's laborious home, where the wheels of life turned, but certainly were not oiled.

"I don't take to strangers," said the mother of Lou and Bessie; "but I don't look upon you two as strangers, though you have only been here a week. -Do you know your mother stayed with us over a fortnight once. It was before that foolish marriage of hers. No, my dear, you needn't look so black. We none of us ever liked him, and she was a foolish woman."

"Mr. Marney makes my mother very happy," said Susy, blushing, and drawing herself up.

It was a relief to her that the Doctor came in just then brisk, shivering, in good spirits, hungry, and talkative, and changed the thread of his wife's comments.

"Where's your grandfather—gone to bed? Well, children, well, Ellen, here I am. Susie will have told you all about it. We have had a lovely day, and I wish you had come with us."

"You really seem to think, John," said the Doctor's wife, "that I have nothing to do but to drive about in a gig, and praise the weather. I should say it had been a very usual sort of day," then she stopped. Was that your grandfather's bell, Susy? I wonder if he has all he wants;" and Susy jumped up.

"What can he want?" said the girl, running out of the room.

The Doctor helped himself to a glass of claret. His wife got up and went to make up the fire; and then in another minute they heard the bell ringing and ringing again, and Susy's voice overhead calling passionately "Cousin John! cousin John!"

Cousin John turned pale, some instinct told him what had happened.

Something that all his good-will and long experience could not help, nor Susy's piteous terrified prayers and tender tears. She sat on the bed-side with her sweet face bent to her grandfather's pale lips, holding him up with all her anxious strength; but the dear old man lay at rest, and they could not disturb him any more to life.

Very late at night the Doctor's wife came, and put her arms round the girl and led her away. "John is writing to your friends," cousin Ellen said; "would you like anyone to come to you?"

"Oh, mamma; I want mamma," said Susy, bursting into tears; and she asked for a pencil and paper, and wrote a few words: "Darling mamma, they are so kind, but please come, please come to your Susy."

And the Doctor enclosed the note in his own more formal letter.

CHAPTER III.

COFFEE.

SHALL we follow the letter? A villa once stood on one of those long roads that lead from the Arc de Triomphe, at Paris, to its dependent villages. These long, dull roads are planted with poplars and lime-trees, and seem to become straighter and more dreary with every succeeding revolution. The villa itself was in a garden green and roughly tended, that put out its straggling shoots, and blazed with marigold heads. The four walls were white and green, and sweet with vines within, sun-baked without, and stained with the dust that skirted the highway. The gates opened upon the boulevard: they were painted green, faded and blistered by the sun; the white-washed wall was decorated with a half-defaced inscription, in straggling black letters:—"Villa du Parc. Appartements meublés. Parlez au Concierge, S. V. P."

The house had been named after its original proprietor, whose widow made a living by letting her two pavilions to persons in want of "salu-

bricious and furnished apartments, ornamented with beautiful mirrors in the vicinity of Paris." So ran the advertisement. "I am of English origin myself, and I have an English connection," little Madame du Parc used to say. "The Miss O'Sheas have been with me these five summers; Madame Muldoon and her niece come to me every winter season: they have now sent me *la famille* Marney, who inhabit the North Pavilion. The South Pavilion is very well let to a patient attending Doctor Pujat's water-cure. There is no house more sought after than mine," says Madame du Parc, looking round with pride at the open windows, the signs of habitation. "There is no room empty, but my son's, in all the house."

The house stood in a pleasant place, overrun, as most French gardens are, with straggling beds of nasturtiums. There were pansies, very purple and splendid, and snapdragons, and lupins, and white and lilac floesies, sedulously flowering in odd corners; the paths were roughly laid with stony gravel and sprinkled with fallen leaves; iron chairs were standing here and there under the trees. There was a plaster statue in one corner, and an iron table. The air came fresh from the *bois* and the open spaces at the back, and of evenings and mornings the garden seemed full of voices and the scent of flowers, while the echoes of the rumbling and itinerant life in the highway outside would be sometimes enlivened by the music of soldiers marching past. One evening a little company of people sat drinking coffee in the garden of the villa, looking like any one of those groups which you may see assembled behind the railings which divide French interiors from the outer world. It was after-dinner-time, and the coffee-cups were set out on the little iron table by the plaster Mercury. Two boys were rolling on the grass, at play; a little girl was stooping to caress a dog; an elderly gentleman, with a grey moustache, sat at the table, occasionally talking to two ladies, with work-baskets; while another man, younger and more portly, stood with his back against a tree, discoursing in a monotonous voice. Some faint clouds were slowly trailing their lonely rose-coloured vapours across a serenely burning sky. There seemed to be perfect peace in the silence overhead: a peace sometimes dreamt of by tired people resting for a while before becoming again tired.

The orator under the tree went prosing on. He discoursed, warming to his subject, at great length and with some monotony. The old lady, at the iron table, had been briskly exclaiming for the last ten minutes and trying to interrupt the orator, pishing, pshawing, waving her arms: she had sparkling black eyes and a shrill voice which was to be heard all over the house. Having said her say to the ladies, she now swiftly turned upon the gentlemen.

"Don't listen to him, Colonel," cries the old lady to the good looking elderly gentleman who had been submitting, with a somewhat dissentient expression, to the harangue. "Mr. Marney, he write for journals, and his business it twist everything round *de haut en bas*, or he have nothing

to write about. My son write for journals sometimes, but he never show me his articles. He is too much ashamed of himself and those friends—liberators and agitators. They are a good-for-nothing set, who won't work, and like talk and to talk. I tell Denise to shut the door on their noses——”

“You must not confound every man who loves his country in the same category with your son's friends, Madame,” said the orator, concealing his annoyance at the old lady's interruption. He spoke with a slight Irish accent. “Here in your fair France questions are complicated. I allow that it is scarcely possible to foretell from one day to another what the consequence may be of giving supreme authority to any one party. But with us in Ireland it is not so. It is not a case of brother's hand red with a brother's blood; but of a country groaning under the rule of the Egyptian,” says the gentleman, talking louder and louder, for he saw the old lady preparing to interrupt again. “Yes, Colonel, the wrongs and sorrows of my most unhappy country,” and his voice toned to a different note, “are the wrongs of a whole nation crying aloud for a tardy justice. These I feel from my very inmost soul: my heart aches when I hear those in authority speaking lightly of sorrows such as ours, and I do not exonerate you, Colonel Dymond, honourable gentleman as you are, from the charge.”

“Venez Fox,” said the little girl, who had not been listening; and as she moved away, the little dog set off scampering after her, and the boys with a shout rolled after the dog.

“Your country! my country! Patriots, patriotism, I don't care one sou for your patriots,” cries the old lady shrilly. “*Le pays des honnêtes gens*, that is my country.”

“Do not let us wander from the point, my good lady,” said the orator, impatiently waving his hand; “personalities have nothing to do with a great idea. When the wrongs of a generous race rise before our legislators in their seats in Parliament crying aloud for justice, it is the duty of every man to give them a hearing. You, Colonel, are not one to turn aside from the cry of the helpless.”

Mr. Marney paused for an answer; the Colonel started, somewhat confused. He had been disturbed by the barking dog and the boys' stampede, and he had lost the thread of Mr. Marney's remarks.

“Oh! ah—certainly not; but I didn't get into Parliament, you know. It cost me a great deal of money,” said the Colonel, recovering himself; “I have not paid it all off yet.”

“Michael takes it all to heart, as very few people do,” said Mrs. Marney proudly, looking up from her crimson bale of wool. “If everybody else did as he wishes, things would be very different.”

“Mrs. Marney thinks that, as the wife of a political writer, she has a right to her say,” said the orator good-naturedly, and loftily accepting the tribute. “I won't engage to maintain *all* your opinions, my dear; but as to making a pudding or darning a stocking, I don't think there's

many could give sounder advice." He said it in a jaunty affable way. Mrs. Marney's dark eyes brightened with pleasure; the Colonel made a courteous little bow.

It was at this moment that the children came scampering up with the evening post; the faithful little dog barking at their heels as usual.

"Here's a letter for you, mamma," said one little boy, "what a funny black letter."

"And here's a letter for you, papa," said little Dermot, the youngest.

"I've two, I've two pretty letters," said the little girl, in French, dancing after them, and she gave them both to the old lady, who pulled out her glasses to read the addresses.

"Why, you silly little child, that is for Monsieur le Colonel. "Ah, here is Max's writing, this is for me. What a shocking hand he writes, *pattes de mouche*."

"Please remember the postman," said little Dermot, holding out his cap.

"Be off," said his father, crossly; and he flung him a penny out of his pocket as he spoke.

"Little boys shouldn't be allowed to ask for money," said Madame du Parc, looking up before beginning to read.

As for Mrs. Marney, she had torn her letter open and was so utterly absorbed in it that she did not heed anything that was going on round about her. Another time she might have anxiously followed her husband, when he suddenly walked away crumpling up his correspondence and thrusting it into his coat-pocket, but she did not heed him, nor Madame du Parc's vehement exclamations. "As usual!" said the old lady, "Max, he put me off. There is his room ready, water in the jug, clean sheets on his bed, Denise 'ave been all the morning clearing out the potatoes. We take all this trouble, and now he write that he will not come till next week. I shall turn him out when he come. Oh, it is too abominable. Come, Marie, let us go and tell Denise that she need not give herself any more trouble;" and the old lady took the little girl's hand, and hobbled off talking through the darkling garden, and disappeared. Her voice died away scolding in the distance.

Mrs. Marney sat on, with her head resting on her hand and the tears in her great eyes. The Colonel had pulled out his glasses and was also too much absorbed in his correspondence to think of anything else. It was a disastrous post. Mr. Marney's tailor's bill was the least unwelcome letter of the four. The pencil lines written by poor Susie in her sorrow had reached mother; Tempy's indignant protest was in her father's hands.

The poor Colonel read it, re-read it; he could not solve the riddle, nor make up his mind what was to be done. "Tut, tut, tut!" he said, beating his foot in perplexity. He had himself a great admiration for Fanny Bolsover, she had ruled his wife and she now ruled him, it was unlucky that she had not got on better with the young folks. Tempy, he feared, was vehement, and yet he could not quite disregard all she

said. He folded the letter with great exactitude, and put it carefully away in his pocket, then he took it out again and unfolded it once more. The evening was closing in, and he could not see Mrs. Marney's troubled face, nor the tears which dropped quickly on the paper that was lying in her lap—tears do not show in the dark as they do in the sunshine, and men do not guess as women do at the things which are not put into words. The unlucky Colonel in his perplexity suddenly determined to appeal to Mrs. Marney for advice—she was a kind woman, she had children of her own. She would understand a girl's feelings where he was at fault. It was an inopportune moment that he chose, poor man, to open his heart to his new-made friend. He began, deliberately at first, and speaking, I fear, to very inattentive ears—"Mrs. Marney! may I have a few minutes' conversation with you? I have no right, I know, to trouble you with my affairs, but perhaps you, who are kindness itself, will excuse . . . I have, alas! no right to ask anyone to advise me *now*," he said, in a plaintive voice. (He forgot that the late Mrs. Dymond had been the last person he ever applied to in a difficulty.) "You," he went on, "are a mother, a good, devoted mother . . ." Then he stopped short, quite frightened by the sudden outburst he had unwittingly called forth; he looked up, and the words failed him, and he saw for the first time that she was in distress.

"Oh, do not speak to me like that. No, no, not that, not that," she said, with a sudden irrepressible flood of tears. "Oh! do not say such things to me. See, Colonel Dymond, my child wants me, and I cannot go to her, she is in trouble and I can do nothing to help her;" and the poor over-wrought woman hid her face in her two hands that were trembling.

The Colonel was startled; he was a kind-hearted man, he was quite taken aback by such trouble.

"Oh, it is a cruel thing to part from one's children," she went on, choking her grief and recovering herself little by little. "Everything comes in to divide one in after days . . . How can I go to my poor darling? Where is the money to take me? How can I leave my home? Oh! Colonel, I sent her to her father's people, thinking I had done for the best; but it is never the same, never the same." And she looked up piteously, with dark eyes shining through her tears.

The Colonel sat listening and very confused, and yet not unsympathising in his confusion; he began gently patting the iron table by way of soothing the poor lady; two trains of thought were going on together in his head, an unusual thing for the simple-minded man. In all his sympathy for her he was still pondering over his own perplexities. Yes, she was right about the children. She had helped him unconsciously to make up his mind, and he now began to wonder if he could do anything to help her . . . He wanted to see her face smiling and unruffled as usual, not all changed, stained, suffused as now. He felt very shy for a Colonel, but he presently began—"Will you excuse me, Mrs. Marney, if I speak plainly to you. I can unfortunately do very little for anybody

else. I seem to be always going to others for assistance, and you have helped me more than you have any idea of; but there is one way, at least, in which, perhaps, you would let me simplify your difficulties, and if—if a small advance, say fifteen or twenty pounds, would be convenient for your journey, would you give me the pleasure of feeling that for once I have been of some little use to a friend?" He laid his hand on hers as he spoke, and she with a sudden grateful impulse caught it and raised it to her lips.

"Oh, how good you are!" said she.

"A mere trifle—a mere nothing!" said the Colonel. "I have a daughter myself. Here is Mr. Marney coming. I will go for the notes at once," he added, "and I beg you will not say another word, *indeed* the obligation is mine." He hurried past Mr. Marney, with a friendly sign, as he walked towards the house. Mrs. Marney's grateful eyes seemed to look into his; her grateful voice to be in his ears.

When the Colonel returned, with the notes in an envelope, he found Mr. and Mrs. Marney still standing together where he had left them; they were waiting for him and talking eagerly. He had hoped that she might have kept the transaction to herself, but she had evidently been telling her husband.

The Colonel was shy and held back for a moment, but Marney certainly, perhaps from habit, was equal to the occasion, and made things easy for all parties.

"Colonel!" he said, with emotion, flinging back his coat, "I am a man of few words, but as long as I live I shall never forget your goodness to my poor wife and her girl. Thanks to you, we shall *both* be able to hurry over to our poor child in her trouble. You have done a noble action, sir, and one that you will like to remember when you are yourself upon your—a—looking back at your past life."

Whatever his future reflections might be, the poor Colonel seemed very uncomfortable at the present moment; when Marney held out his hand, he did not immediately put the money into it, but merely shook the outstretched palm. Then going up to Mrs. Marney he said "Good-night and thank you" in a low voice, and raising in turn her hand to his lips, he respectfully kissed it, leaving the paper in her fingers. She did not speak—she looked at him with a curious, puzzled, grateful expression in her beautiful eyes, and he walked quickly away.

"There goes a good, honest, well-conditioned old gentleman," said Marney, approvingly. "How much is there, Mary, and where are you going to put the money?"

"I shall take care of it, you may be sure," said Mary, smiling, and slipping the envelope into her pocket.

"You had better let *me* keep the notes for you," said Marney (and he spoke in perfect good faith); "perhaps there may be more than we shall want for the journey. How much did he promise you, Polly?" She hesitated still.

"I think he said f—fifteen," she answered, looking at him in doubt. "Why do you want the money now, dear?"

Marney turned, and with a sullen stare, "Make haste," said he. "Don't keep me waiting."

"Let us go to the light, dear, and count them," she said tremulously, still feeling in her pocket.

When they got into the room, Mrs. Marney, with a pale face, gave the envelope to her husband, who exclaimed cheerfully—"The old fellow is better than his word—there are four hundred-franc notes, Polly—16*l*.—hurrah for the Colonel!"

And then, when she was alone once more, poor Mary, still with a pale face and feeling as if she were a thief in the night, pulled out one last hundred-franc note, which she had kept back from her husband, and she looked at it, and hid it away carefully between the leaves of her Bible. Later in the evening, she went upstairs to the bare room where her two boys lay sleeping, and sat down by the big bed, looking wistfully at the little round brown chubby heads. They were like their father, and yet they reminded her somehow of her own people too. Little Michael turned and opened his brown eyes wide, smiled at her, and then dropped to sleep once more; little Dermot lay sunk warm in the pillow. Oh, might they grow up good men, upright, truth-fearing men, not as she was, not as their father was; her husband whom she loved with all her heart's passionate devotion, but whose faults were clear to her aching eyes. She prayed for common-place things for her children, not for heroic achievements, but for daily virtues, hard work, truth, uprightness. "Mamma, mamma," said little Michael, struggling to break through the spell of sleep that divided him from her.

"My darling, my darling," answered the poor mother softly, so as not to arouse him, and she bent over him, and once more her tears flowed, but they were gentle and more happy.

Then she went down-stairs to make her arrangements with Madame, and the two stood talking on the landing, and recapitulating all the details of the daily history, the soup for the little boys, the directions for the washerwoman, the girl who was to come in during Mrs. Marney's absence. Mrs. Marney fetched her hundred-franc note; it was to pay for these necessary expenses, and also for a certain proportion of rent that was owing. The moon rose, and the two dark figures prosed on and on in the moonlight.

"Well, I would not cross the sea, not even for my good-for-nothing Max," said Madame, "but you are right to go; and do not be uneasy about your children. Has Monsieur Marney gone to the station to make arrangements? I will not wait up any longer; at my age one is weary when the night comes."

"I wonder he is not back," said Mrs. Marney.

"It is a long way to the station," said Madame, "Good-night and good-bye."

Mrs. Marney said only "Good-night," and she went and stood at the window, watching. The moon was streaming, and the dark clouds were drifting and hurrying along the sky ; the clock struck eleven. She went and fetched a shawl and wrapped it close round her and sat down at the window again ; after a time she fell asleep and woke up as the clock struck one, and then hour after hour passed and struck as she waited.

And then in the early morning Marney had come home, declaring he had been robbed ; he had been cheated, he said, and then suddenly he became piteous, contrite, abject in his entreaties for forgiveness. On his way to the station he had turned into a café, and there met a patriotic acquaintance who, alas, persuaded him to look in for an hour at a place not far off where, unluckily for Marney, one of those fatal green plains was spread where dice are sown and bitter crops are reaped. He was tempted, and, as usual, instantly succumbed. When he came away in the early dawn one five-franc piece was all that remained of the Colonel's advance.

And then, as usual, Mary, after being angry, forgave him, making some absurd excuses to herself ; and having forgiven him, the next thing was that she tried to console her heart-broken husband as he lay with his head comfortably buried in the sofa cushions. Poor thing ! what a life would hers have been had she not been able to forgive. He was ruined, he said. It had been of vital importance to him to get to London ; he deserved it all, he sobbed. As he became more desperate she was more pitiful. Would he go even now ? Would he fetch Susy away and bring her back ? There were fifty francs still left, which she had kept back for the children's expenses. Madame had the money, but she would get it back, and so Marney allowed himself to be consoled and sent off on his way.

CHAPTER IV.

"TELL ME WHY SUSANNA'S FAIR."

THE Colonel meanwhile had passed a good night, he woke up thinking with pleasure of the chance by which he had been able to come to the help of this worthy couple. Marney made too much of a very simple action, but, after all, gratitude was a rare commodity. He had written a letter to his children, in which he had tried by dignity of language to conceal what some people might deem weak compliance. It is often difficult to tell why one does one thing more than another, or to realise what slight impulses drive the whole fabric of existence in one or another direction. A chance question or association, one person or another coming into the room, trifles scarcely to be weighed in the balance of daily life, seem to lead to such unexpected conclusions. It was the tone of Mrs. Marney's voice, more than anything she had said,

which had brought conviction to the Colonel. He went back to his comfortable room, sat down in his arm-chair, re-read his letters with great deliberation, and all the time he seemed to hear her plaintive voice, "Others may do their best, but it isn't the same." The Colonel was a serious man, who always took things seriously; he paused for a minute and then he began to write.

"MY DEAR TEMPY,—I was painfully surprised by the contents of your letter of the 24th, which I have received only this evening. You write, my dear Tempy, as if you were not aware that my chief object in life must be to promote my children's welfare, as far as in my power lies. My health required change, and I hoped it might have been a pleasant arrangement for all parties, for you and your brother as well as for your aunts, if I asked Bolsover to receive you both during my absence. That this arrangement should have resulted in dissatisfaction on your part greatly disappoints me. Your aunts are not aware of your painful feelings, and write of you both with the warmest affection. They are very superior women; your poor mother had the highest opinion of them and of your uncle Bolsover. I should be indeed grieved if any estrangement arose in your minds towards such near relations. After some deliberation I have come to the conclusion that it will be best, under the circumstances, that you should not wait for my return, which may be delayed, and that you and your brother should join me here. I am writing to Caroline Bolsover by this post, to tell her of my change of plans, and giving no special reason beyond my protracted stay at Paris. My present landlady, Madame du Parc, has not room to take you in, but a suitable apartment will easily be found. I need not add that I should not require you either to scrub or to live upon dry bread, though I have less pleasure in welcoming you, my dear child, than I might have had if you had earned this 'treat,' as I think I may call it, by cheerful acquiescence in my wishes, but nevertheless it will be a real pleasure to me to have you with me again, and I trust that no more occasion for complaint will arise—either on your part or that of

"Your affectionate father,

"JOHN DYMOND.

"I am sorry for poor Charles's troubles. A young man cannot be too careful in the choice of his associates. I have no doubt that it is a wise plan to remove him at once from evil influences. Let us hope his muse will not permanently suffer from the loss of the verses."

The Colonel was pleased with his composition, and had taken it to the post, and was coming back in a cheerful, well-satisfied frame of mind, when, to his surprise, he met Mrs. Marney, whom he imagined far away on her way to Paris, quietly walking under her big sunshade up the village street with her little boys on either side of her. She was dressed in black; she was carrying a letter; she looked very pale, but she suddenly flushed

crimson when she saw him, and stopped short, waiting for him to come up to her.

"Not gone!" said the Colonel. "I thought you were off this morning early."

"No, Marney is gone," she said, faltering and very much agitated. "He could not—we could not... Oh, Colonel Dymond! how can I explain? There was so much to be done—more than I can tell you—more than I knew of yesterday. I gave up my share. It has been a cruel disappointment," and her eyes filled up. "He is gone—alone; he will bring her back to me." Then she said, "Don't think me ungrateful; please say this much, though I feel as if we had ill requited your goodness;" and she stood confused, and, with her beautiful eyes cast down, she did not seem able to face the Colonel's gaze.

Colonel Dymond was easily led, but he was also a strict-minded man, and he answered drily, for he was disappointed.

"I am sorry you were not able to carry out the purpose for which I advanced that small sum, Mrs. Marney; it was intended for your convenience. You owe me no account;" and then, without another word, he walked stiffly away along the hot sunshiny road, while poor Mrs. Marney, still holding the boys in each hand, passed on, chilled and with a heavy heart.

Poor soul! for her was the shame, for her the bitter disappointment and the brunt of opinion. At last, it seemed to her like some dream of something that had happened before. She was excited, miserable.

Poor Mary felt that the Colonel avoided her more and more. When she met him in the garden he wished her a cold good-morning and went on his way, instead of establishing himself by her side as he had done hitherto. The poor soul felt as guilty as if she herself had been to blame, as if it was her fault that her husband had failed her. She had little by little grown to confide in her new friend, and she missed him sorely. When she met the Colonel's averted looks it gave her a pain in her heart; she felt as if Mick was more to blame in some way if the Colonel was angry, and once, seeing him turn up a side path to avoid her, she sent the little boys running after him to beg him to wait. He waited, and allowed her to come up to him. He could not help admiring her, even then, vexed as he was; she looked so beautiful, so beseeching, as she advanced along the straggling little walk.

"I can't bear it any longer, Colonel," she said, half laughing, but bitterly in earnest. "You have been such a true, kind friend that your displeasure is a load on my heart, that is all I want to say. Believe me, I would have given twenty pounds, twenty times over, had it been mine that this should not have occurred."

He was somewhat mollified, but he did not quite relent. "You owe me no account," he repeated.

It was all she could get from him, and yet she was glad she had tried to set matters right, when next day he came once more and walked

by her side for a few minutes, talking more like himself. Mary too was more like herself.

"I have heard from them," said Mrs. Marney, with a happy face. "They will be here to-morrow morning. Madame, I am expecting my daughter."

"So much the better," says Madame, drily. "I hope she will not behave in the way everybody else does and change her mind at the last."

Madame, too, had frozen ever since that unlucky night when Mrs. Marney had taken back her fifty francs and given up her journey so mysteriously.

But next morning, when the travellers arrived, Mrs. Marney's delight and happiness were irresistible. This was no culprit asking forgiveness, but a proud and happy woman claiming their sympathy. Mrs. Marney met them at the gate where the carriage stopped in the sunshine, and then the mother and daughter were tight clasped in one another's arms.

Madame was at her window; Colonel Dymond was smoking under the acacia tree as the Marneys passed by. He thought he had rarely seen a prettier sight than the little procession. The mother and daughter were walking arm-in-arm, looking so entirely united and one, that he wondered that they could ever have been apart. He thought the girl seemed perfectly charming; she had a certain prim delicate grace in place of her mother's somewhat easy-going manner. She looked sad, and her black dress told its story; she was dusty and tired after her night's journey, but all this could not alter her sweet triumph of girlhood; her complexion was dazzling, her bright eyes were alight.

She was looking up with that perfect trust and reliance which a child feels for its parent, and the mother was gazing into her sweet face with the proud confidence a mother feels in her child. I do not know that these two loved each other more than most mothers and daughters, but their often partings and long separations made their feelings more evident when they met at last.

"Here she is, Colonel Dymond," said Mrs. Marney, stopping short when she saw him. "Susy knows all your kindness to me."

"I am very proud to be so introduced," said the Colonel, with a smile.

And so Susanna had got her wish, and was at home, and Mary Marney could watch her with loving eyes as the girl came and went about the place. It filled the elder woman with strange pride and delight to see how pretty her child was grown, how charming she was in all her ways. Sometimes, if she looked at her and smiled and Susy smiled back, the faces looking into each other might have been the same face softened and reflected in the waters of a pool. A sudden brightness would come into the girl's eyes as she met her mother's look, and she nodded with a pretty little spontaneous gesture. She looked a little fallow and sleepy when she was not speaking, but then again, when the people she cared for came to her and the things she liked, her face would light up

and her eyebrows would arch into new expression. She seemed a different person touched to a different life. The mother was the handsomer of the two, but she had not the sweet looks and tones of the young girl.

This was the conclusion Colonel Dymond came to next day when he met them all in the garden as usual. After a very few minutes' talk—so it seemed to him—Miss Susy started up and announced that she was going down to the village with Mikey and Dermot.

"Are you going down to the village again, Susy?" said the elder lady. "You must be tired, you have been about all day, and all yesterday you were travelling."

"I'm not a bit tired, mamma," said the girl. "I wish you would come with us."

"I can't come. I—I have some letters to write," said Mrs. Marney, who had as yet tried to conceal from her daughter some of the make-shifts of the establishment.

"You have always got letters, mamma," said Susy, smiling; "who do you write to?"

The mother sighed and then smiled—she was, in truth, an impatient woman drilled to patience by long habit. The daughter had lived peacefully hitherto among peaceful people in a distant place. Her gifts, such as they were, had come to her from nature, not from that cruel second nature which is the experience of life.

"Well, then, I'm tired," said Mrs. Marney, laughing. "I wonder you are not, Susy."

"Ah, *she* don't want to sit and rest," said Madame du Parc, putting down her coffee-cup. She had come out for ten minutes' chat with her lodgers. "My dear Madame, she won't demand stools or arm-chairs for thirty years to come. They are for decrepid old *patraques*, like myself."

"*You*, madam! What do you call me, then?" said Mrs. Marney, smiling and looking very handsome.

"I beg that you, Polly, will keep about long enough to see to your duties," said Marney, by way of a joke; "or I shall have to look out for your successor, my dear."

Susanna's cheeks were burning, her soft dark eyes were looking indignation. To hear her beloved beautiful mamma, the goddess of her girlish imagination, so spoken to, filled her with a strange intolerant anger. She had scarcely known her stepfather until now, and the more she knew him the more she shrank from him and his ways and his speeches. Her mother had always come alone to Crossham, where Susy's early years had been passed with the kind old grandfather who was gone now: sometimes Mr. Marney had appeared for an hour to fetch his wife. Mr. Holcombe's old-fashioned dignity and distance had over-awed him on these occasions. Susanna had been sorry for him. He had seemed stiff and shy, but more to his stepdaughter's fastidious taste

than now when he was "at home," as people say, and all restraint was gone. Susanna had been brought up in a somewhat rigid school. She could have grown accustomed in time to his smoke, his free and easy ways; but what she could not get used to was the tone which he used to her mother,—her sweet beautiful mother, for whose presence she had longed ever since she was a little child first parted from her side. Mary Marney had always seemed like some angel to her young daughter. Susanna had inherited from Mary herself a turn for hero-worship, a certain faith in those she loved which idealised them and made them more than mortal. Now she was living in a daily bewilderment. It was but a few hours since she had first come, and already a hundred doubts were in her mind. She was not disappointed in her mother; but she could not understand her: she loved her more than she had ever done, but she was not satisfied, and she seemed to know her less.

"Is mamma happy?" she asked herself; "can she be happy, ah! now that I am come to her, my love must make her happy." This, at least, might be granted.

It seemed so little to ask for, but that little was not in her life's conditions; other and greater blessings might be Susanna's, but not this one.

She wanted all her mother's heart, and there between them stood Marney with his odious blinking handsome face, his free and easy ways; there scrambled the little boys with their wild heels and clamour, there came the daily cares, the hours crowded with sordid laborious tasks. Was this the life her mother had been leading all these years—the life that absorbed her so utterly? Poverty was nothing; Susy had been used to simple ways in her grandfather's house; but these shifts, these insincerities, these unpaid-for luxuries, the duns, the bills, the expedients which had never been dreamt of until now, all these things were now to be a part of Susy's daily experience. All this was in her mind as she turned away from the group under the acacia tree. There they sat: there was the sky again all peaceful as if no ache existed beneath its *couleur de rose*.

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